

The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



Ships passing through the Suez Canal after its opening on November 17, 1869: an engraving from the *Illustrated London News*. (The broadcast talks by the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary on the problem of the Suez Canal are on pages 219-222)

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Fair Trade or Restrictive Practice?—the Tied Garage (Ian Trafford)

Family Portraits—I. A Child in the House (V. Sackville-West)

Bernard Shaw as Producer (Hesketh Pearson)



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The Listener

Vol. LVI. No. 1429

Thursday August 16 1956

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

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The London Conference on the Suez Canal

By the Rt. Hon. SELWYN LLOYD, M.P., Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs

I WANT to talk to you about the conference which is to begin in London next Thursday.* The representatives of twenty-two nations are meeting because Colonel Nasser has seized control of the Suez Canal.

It is a very serious situation. I do not want to sound alarmist but a threat to the Suez Canal is a threat to the life and strength of Britain and of western Europe on the one side and to the countries of Asia on the other. It also deeply affects the United States of America.

We in Britain know that Colonel Nasser's action is a breach of international law. Many of you heard Mr. Menzies last night dealing so clearly with its illegality. The Suez Canal Company is not just an Egyptian Company. It is, it is true, technically registered in Egypt, but in a matter of this sort we have to look at the substance, not the technicalities. The substance of the matter is that the company is international. It was formed for an international purpose; it is internationally owned: its administration is centred outside Egypt. The Egyptian Government has always before accepted the position that Egyptian domestic law only applies by consent to the constitution and powers of the company. A company possessing such an international character cannot lawfully be 'nationalised' in the way in which that has been done. Further to that, a contract with such a company cannot be broken by one party to it. This company held a concession from the Egyptian Government. At the end of this, in 1968, the Canal itself and some, not all, of the company's assets would have reverted to Egypt. That concession was solemnly reaffirmed by Colonel Nasser as recently as June of this year. His action therefore in seizing the canal is a breach of the terms of the concession and involves the breaking of his own word.

What I have said applies to what has happened in regard to this particular company. I am not denying the right of countries to nationalise domestic industries or services. Provided there is no illegality about it, countries can nationalise what they please, but this act of nationalisation is unlawful for the reasons I have stated. It strikes at the rule of law between nations.

Faced with this situation, Her Majesty's Government's policy has been clear from the beginning. As the Prime Minister said in the House of Commons on July 30, the unfettered control by one power of this international waterway cannot be accepted. From the first the Government has sought an international solution, arrived at by international discussion. On Sunday, July 29, when first I met representatives of the French and United States Governments I put to them our view that there should be an international conference to deal with this matter. It was not an idea forced upon us in any way. The other two Governments readily agreed.

At the Conference proposals will be put forward that an international authority for the Canal should be set up. The purposes and functions of that authority should be to take over the operation of the Canal to ensure the efficient functioning of the Canal as a free, open and secure international waterway; to ensure to Egypt an equitable return; to arrange for the payment of fair compensation to the Suez Canal Company. In our view the authority should consist of a Council of Administration drawn from those powers chiefly interested in the Canal and it should have under it the necessary technical, working and administrative organs. In all this there would be an important role to be played by Egyptians and the Egyptian Government. These proposals were discussed by me with Mr. Dulles and M. Pineau at the tripartite meetings the week before last. There is no disagreement between the three of us about

them. They were sent, over a week ago, to all the Governments invited to the Conference.

I believe that this idea of an international authority to control an international waterway is in the true interests of all those concerned and commands the approval of an overwhelming majority of thinking people. It is interesting to remember that in 1946 the Soviet Union declared itself in favour of the principle of international control of the Suez Canal. The idea that just because the Canal passes through Egyptian territory such an international authority would infringe Egyptian sovereignty bears no relation to modern ideas of what sovereignty really is.

The primary task of the Conference will be to express its opinion upon our proposals. We regret very much that Colonel Nasser is not sending a representative who could have put forward his point of view. We made it clear that acceptance of the invitation did not presuppose acceptance of our main contention. I hope that even yet the Egyptian Government may see fit to enter into an agreement along the lines which I have indicated.

In the Spirit of the Charter

You may ask, how did we decide upon the countries to be invited to the London Conference? It was not easy to draw the line. But eventually we decided to ask the eight parties to the 1888 Convention, together with eight more countries owning the largest tonnage of shipping which goes through the Canal, and a further eight countries whose pattern of trade is most vitally affected by transit through the Canal. It is not necessarily a bad idea to talk matters over with the people who are most interested. The list includes Egypt, the Soviet Union and other countries whose views probably are not the same as our own. We have acted and intend to act in the spirit of the Charter of the United Nations. The method by which we have chosen to proceed is directly in accordance with Article 33 of the Charter. It has always been in our thoughts that there should be some link between the international authority which we propose and the United Nations. It has also been our intention to give Parliament an early chance to discuss the results of the Conference.

The allegation has been made that the Conference is being held under the threat by us to use force. As to that, I ask you to consider for a moment the methods by which Colonel Nasser chose to carry out his unlawful act. He announced it at the end of an angry speech directed against the Western Powers and made in a fit of temper because he was not to get from the United States and ourselves the money which he wanted to build the Aswan Dam. He took action without previous consultation of any sort or kind with the Company itself. He did not consult other parties to the Convention of 1888. He did not consult any of the Arab States. He treated them like satellites. He promised to pay compensation to the shareholders, but he did not indicate whence it would come. He said he would divert the revenues of the Canal to build the Aswan Dam. Finally, he included in his decree of nationalisation an article ordering the employees of the Company—many of them British—to stay at work under the threat of arrest and imprisonment if they did not. Troops were moved in to seize the property of the Canal Company. He had already then mobilised about seventy-five per cent. of his armed forces. He has gone further since. That is what he has done, by way of force and the threat of force. We have 13,000 British nationals in Egypt. We have a base operated by British civilians containing valuable equipment. Many of our ships use the Canal. In these conditions we should be lacking in our duty if we did not take elementary military precautions to safeguard British interests effectively should the need arise. That of course means having some forces available in the Mediterranean. These military precautions are not inconsistent with the Charter of the United Nations.

We have to remember that the present ruler of Egypt is a military dictator. He played a leading part in overthrowing the Egyptian monarchy by a military coup. He removed his own leader,

General Neguib, by similar methods. He now rules supreme. He can change his mind overnight. He can denounce an international agreement or imprison a British subject according to his mood of the moment. He maintains himself in power by methods so well known to us from what happened in certain countries in the inter-war years.

We have tried hard to promote better relations with him. He said that if only we could settle the Sudan problem that would lead to better relations. We made an agreement by which Egypt abandoned her claim to the sovereignty of the Sudan and the way was open to Sudanese independence. But our relations with Egypt did not improve. Colonel Nasser then said if only we could settle the problem of the base that would lead to better relations. We did settle the problem of the base but the better relations did not come.

Now he has committed this act, not only an unlawful one, but also an act of defiance, a deliberate challenge made without regard to the interests of his fellow Arab States or of the under-developed countries. The great need of such countries at the present time is foreign capital. It is obvious that the blow to confidence administered by Colonel Nasser will make it much more difficult for under-developed countries to obtain such capital. His action, whatever the outcome of our conference, will damage the material prospects of countless millions living in poorer countries.

We in our time have done much to create and help Arab nationalism. Our record in Iraq, Jordan, the Sudan and Libya proves that fact. Colonel Nasser is misusing Arab nationalism to further his own ambitions. I read the other day a little book which he wrote about his revolution. Like other dictators before him he reveals on paper the pattern of his thoughts and ambitions. The three stages are clear. First, control of the Arab States and the oil. Second, control of the whole of Africa. Finally, control of all the Moslems throughout the world. Running through the book is the theme 'who is the hero who will achieve all this?'. I think we can guess his answer. And that is the problem with which we are faced. These thoughts, these actions are all too similar to what we saw happen between the wars with other dictators.

I believe that there have been three critical times for us in the past ten years. First, there was the threat to Berlin in 1948, which was defeated by the Berlin air lift. Secondly, there was the communist aggression in Korea in 1950. That was repelled by force of arms. The third threat, and, in my view, the most serious of all for us in Britain, is this act of aggression against this great international waterway. The strength and prosperity of much of the world depends upon it. For us it is a question of our national livelihood, jobs, standard of living, and position in the world.

It is a deliberate challenge. All our friends in the Middle East are watching to see how we meet it. Although, having made his coup, Colonel Nasser's language is now milder and he makes all sorts of promises about how well he is going to behave in the future, that again is according to the pattern. I believe we have to take counsel from our past experience. If he is not checked now, what will his next step be? We have to be resolute in this situation. We must not permit the right of free passage through the Canal to depend upon the transient impulses of a single military dictator.

Seeking a Peaceful Solution

Therefore I say to you—the rule of law must prevail. We are not bellicose—neither the British Government nor the British people. With Britain force is always the last resort. We shall work with all our power for a peaceful solution, but that solution must include some form of international control for this essential waterway. We are not seeking British control—we are seeking international control. We want a plan which will take full account of the legitimate—I repeat, legitimate—requirements of Egypt. We want to preserve the rights of the users of the Canal. To achieve such a solution is the task which faces the collective wisdom of the statesmen gathering in London this week.

'A Very Grave Situation'

THE PRIME MINISTER'S broadcast of August 8

THE Suez Canal is a name familiar to everyone. I have come to talk to you tonight about what has happened there in the last few days and what it means to us. You, or some members of your family perhaps, have served there, or maybe one of you or more have helped to defend the Canal in one or other of the two Great Wars. For Britain the Canal has always been the main artery to and from the Commonwealth, bringing us the supplies we and they need. To many other nations throughout the world it has become the bearer of a traffic in ever-growing volume. The world's commerce depends upon it. It carries goods of all kinds for Europe and America, for Australia and New Zealand, and for eastern countries like Pakistan and India and Ceylon. It is, in fact, the greatest international waterway in the world, and what Colonel Nasser has just done is to seize it for his own ends.

Nobody should be surprised that this has created a very grave situation. The whole trend of the world today is against taking selfish action for purely national ends. Hitherto, the Canal has been international. It is guaranteed by an international agreement, signed by many countries in 1888. All admit that it has operated with great efficiency in the interests of world shipping. It has been at the service of all nations. True it runs through Egypt, but it is not vital to Egypt as it is to many other countries in all parts of the world. Though through it travels today about half the oil without which the industry of this country, of western Europe, of Scandinavia, and of many other countries too, could not keep going. It is a matter of life and death to us all.

Let me explain to you why. A great part of our industry, and that in other western lands too, is today run on oil. Without it machinery and much of our transport would grind to a halt, for we have come to rely more and more upon oil for power. Our industry and our exports depend upon it. Here, therefore, is something which concerns every home in this land, and not in this land alone.

You may ask: 'Is there no alternative to the Canal?' Yes, there is an alternative, an alternative route round the Cape, but this would add enormously to the length of the voyage and the cost of transport. Nor are the world's shipping resources enough to maintain supplies at the level we need if we have to go all that way.

The fact is that that is just why the Canal was built ninety years ago. It may be said: 'Why is it so terrible to nationalise a company? It was done here'. That is perfectly true, but it was done, as Mr. Morrison rightly pointed out in the House of Commons, to our own British industries. Colonel Nasser's action is entirely different. He has taken over an international company, without consultation and without consent. The rights of this company were secured by repeated and solemn agreements, entered into by the Egyptian Government. There are, in fact, a whole series of them, to fill a book. The last was only concluded some two months ago. Some people say: 'Colonel Nasser has promised not to interfere with shipping passing through the Canal. Why, therefore, don't we trust him?' The answer is simple. Look at his record. Our quarrel is not with Egypt, still less with the Arab world;

it is with Colonel Nasser. When he gained power in Egypt, we felt no hostility towards him. On the contrary, we made agreements with him. We hoped that he wanted to improve the conditions of life of his people and to be friends with this country. He told us that he wanted a new spirit in Anglo-Egyptian relations. We welcomed that, but instead of meeting us with friendship Colonel Nasser conducted a vicious propaganda campaign against our country. He has shown that he is not a man who can be trusted to keep an agreement. And now he has torn up all his country's promises towards the Suez Canal Company and he has even gone back on his own statements, because not so long

ago he was speaking in praise of the company. He told them how satisfied he was with them, and now, in a night, they have been taken over by force, and their assets seized. By Egyptian law the company's employees, French and British, are ordered to stay at work under threat of imprisonment.

The pattern is familiar to many of us, my friends. We all know this is how fascist governments behave and we all remember, only too well, what the cost can be in giving in to fascism.

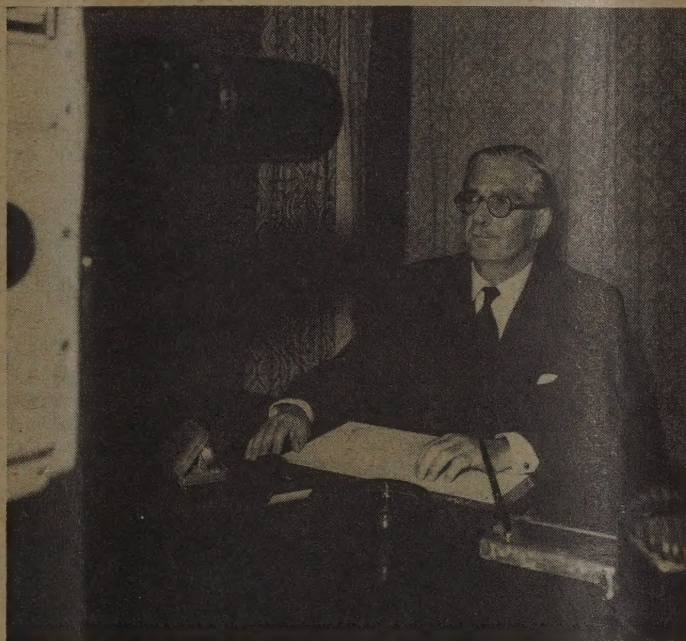
But that is not all. If the Canal is to do its job, its capacity to carry the traffic must be increased and much money spent upon it. The company has been building up reserves for this purpose, and they will all be needed. And what does Colonel Nasser say? Oh, he tells us, he must take over the company because he wants to use its moneys to build the Aswan Dam. This means simply that he is seizing the resources of an international company to further his own national schemes, and this at a time when he is already

spending all the resources he can get hold of to buy arms. See how the bills mount up. Just look at them. Compensation to the company which he has promised to pay would cost £70,000,000; the Aswan Dam he has promised to build would cost about £400,000,000; his arms shipments, the only things which are being paid for at present, will cost scores of millions, but the urgently needed extensions to the Canal would cost tens of millions of pounds alone, and a long-term development much more. The grand total is preposterous.

In view of what has happened, can anyone feel that the United States was wrong to tell the Egyptian Government that they could not finance the dam until Egypt was prepared to cut her coat to fit her cloth? We agreed with the Americans.

But there is something much more important than all this at stake. If Colonel Nasser's action were to succeed, each one of us would be at the mercy of one man for the supplies upon which we live. We could never accept that. With dictators you always have to pay a higher price later on, for their appetite grows with feeding. Just now Colonel Nasser is soft-pedalling; his threats are being modified. But how can we be sure that next time he has a quarrel with any country he will not interfere with that nation's shipping, and how can we be sure that next time he is short of money he will not raise the dues on all the ships that pass through the Canal? If he is given the chance of course he will.

I have shown you how deeply the Canal concerns us, but other countries have a close interest too. That is why we immediately asked



The Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. Sir Anthony Eden, K.G., photographed in the B.B.C. studio at Lime Grove before he gave his broadcast on August 8

the French and American Governments to consult with us. As you know, these meetings were held in London last week. They produced the immediate result we hoped for. An international conference is now to be held here in London next week, to which we have invited all the countries most closely interested in the use of the Canal. Let me tell you what the purpose of the conference is. It is just this: the Canal must be run efficiently and kept open as it has always been in the past, as a free and secure international waterway for the ships of all nations. It must be run in the interests not of one country but of all. In our view, this can only be secured by an international body. That is our purpose.

We have had a good response to our invitations to the meeting on August 16. Already nineteen countries have accepted; none has refused. I am confident that the conference can produce a workable scheme for the future of the Canal within the limits which I have explained.

So, my friends, the alternatives are now clear to see. If we all join together to create an international system for the Canal and spend its revenues as they should be spent, to develop it rapidly, that can bring

growing prosperity to East and West alike, the countries that produce the oil and the countries which buy it. There will then be wealth for all to share, including Egypt. There is no question of denying her a fair deal or a just return; but if anyone is going to snatch and grab and try to pocket what really belongs to the world, the result will be impoverishment for all, and a refusal by some countries at least to lead their life at such a hazard.

Meanwhile, we have too much at risk not to take precautions. We have done so. That is the meaning of the movements by land, sea, and air of which you have heard in the last few days. My friends, we do not seek a solution by force, but by the broadest possible international agreement. That is why we have called the conference. We shall do all we can to help its work, but this I must make plain. We cannot agree that an act of plunder which threatens the livelihood of many nations shall be allowed to succeed. And we must make sure that the life of the great trading nations of the world cannot, in the future, be strangled at any moment by some interruption to the free passage of the Canal. These are our intentions. I am sure they will command your support.

The Tied Garage

IAN TRAFFORD gives the first of four talks on 'Fair Trade or Restrictive Practice?'

THE tied garage system, at any rate in its fully-fledged form, is only about eighteen months old in Great Britain. But in this short time it has become the centre of heated controversy. Early this year a group of lubricating oil processors and a number of motor accessory manufacturers, fearing that their own sales might be threatened by the oil companies' control of retail outlets, founded the Motor Accessories Manufacturers Association—an organisation which has since been active in marshalling the opposition. And the new system of petroleum distribution came in for a good deal of adverse comment in the House of Commons during the long debates on the Restrictive Trade Practices Bill.

The tied garage system was first introduced into Britain by the Esso Petroleum Company about five years ago—as soon as it was known that the return of branded petrol was near—and the other companies quickly followed suit. The agreements between the oil companies and the garages at this stage were informal and unwritten. The oil companies merely offered special rebates to garages in return for the exclusive sale of their brand of petrol, but this was sufficient inducement for about 90 per cent. of the country's garages to have agreed to deal exclusively with one company or another, by the time branded petrol returned to the market in February 1953.

Toward the end of 1954, the large integrated oil companies, this time under the lead of Shell-Mex and B.P., began the next stage of their exclusive representation policy. Garages associated with the oil companies were offered larger rebates in return for signing long-term agreements tying their stations to sell the products of a single oil company for periods of up to twenty years. The rebates were on a sliding scale ranging up to a penny a gallon, for a 75,000-gallon a year turnover, and though the terms of these agreements vary from company to company, the average period agreed seems to be somewhere between five and ten years.

This means that it is no longer possible for a trader who has changed his mind to end his agreement at any stage within this period and go over to other brands. Nor is it usually possible for him to sell his business without the prior consent of the oil company, though the oil company's agreement would probably be automatic provided the buyer agreed to continue to observe the terms of the contract.

These then, in outline, are provisions of the agreements as they now stand. They offer the oil companies an assured level of sales over a long period and they offer the garage proprietor considerable financial advantages in return for the restrictions they impose on his freedom. It is estimated that over 80 per cent. of Britain's 27,000 garages with two petrol pumps or more and the 6,000-odd single-pump sites have now signed long-term agreements. About half of them are tied to Shell-Mex and B.P. and its associated companies, and about a quarter to Esso. Regent Oil and Mobil Oil account for a large part of the rest. Now that the Texas Company, through its purchase of Trinidad Oil, has

acquired a controlling interest in Regent, no doubt an intense effort will be made to increase that company's share of the market.

Apart from buying up existing garages, the integrated oil companies have been entering the retail market on their own account. They have been buying a number of existing stations at fairly high prices—and are also engaged in building a number of stations of their own at selected sites and putting in tenants to operate them. It has been reported that Shell-Mex and B.P. alone intends to build 1,000 new stations but so far there are probably no more than 600 to 700 filling stations directly owned by all the oil companies.

The two vital questions are: are these agreements restrictive practices, and, if so, are they in the public interest? But as soon as one poses these questions one comes up against the problem of definition. If a restrictive practice is defined as 'any agreement or practice which limits the degree of competition at any level within an industry', then the petrol agreements certainly fall within the definition; but again, so do many other business practices, such as individual resale price maintenance, or an agreement between two village shops to open and close at certain times, or indeed any term or condition of sale and any sole agency agreement.

But on the definition used in the Restrictive Trade Practices Act, the petrol agreements are not restrictive practices and will not have to be registered as such. The Act applies to 'agreements under which restrictions are accepted by two or more parties'—a very wide field. But, as Mr. Thorneycroft, President of the Board of Trade, explained in the House of Commons on June 13, the Government has had to take care that the Bill did not bring into its net, as he put it, 'the whole of the sole agency system just because at the moment there happens to be a certain amount written about petrol companies'. The Government therefore inserted a clause in the Bill to exempt sole agency agreements from registration. For the chief object of the Act is to call up restrictions for registration which involve collective rather than individual agreements. Thus the host of individual agreements between the oil companies and the garages do not fall within the scope of the Act.

The effect of the Act on petrol agreements which also limit the sales of motor accessories or lubricating oils is more difficult to determine. So far no oil company has attempted to specify in its agreements what accessories garages may or may not sell—though an attempt is being made to restrict sales of competing lubricating oils. The clause in the Restrictive Trade Practices Act which exempts sole agency agreements from registration—and with them the petrol agreements—applies only if the agreements relate to what the Act calls 'goods of the same description'. Motor accessories are clearly not 'goods of the same description' as petrol. So, if there were any petrol agreements including restrictions on the sales of accessories, they would almost certainly have to be registered under the Act. But lubricating oils might well be called 'goods of the same description' as petrol, in which case

petrol agreements which included lubricating oil clauses would still remain free from the registration requirement.

Earlier on, during the committee stage of the Bill, Mr. Thorneycroft had made it plain that although the petrol agreements would not be registrable under the new Restrictive Trade Practices Bill, there might be a case for referring them to the Monopolies Commission. Mr. Thorneycroft said: 'In the case of a situation such as is alleged to exist on a large scale in the petrol companies in which accessories were being tied over a very big field, it would seem to fall within the mischief of the Monopolies Commission. That is why we have retained the Monopolies Commission so as to deal with that type of case'. Mr. Thorneycroft quoted Section 3 of the Monopolies Act 1948, which provides that the Act applies to cases where at least one-third of the supply of goods of any description is supplied by or to any two or more persons who 'whether voluntarily or not, and whether by agreement or arrangement or not, so conduct their restrictive affairs as in any way to prevent or restrict competition. . . .'

The present legal situation is therefore rather complicated. I think I can best summarise it this way. The normal petrol agreement, even if it also requires exclusive sales of particular brands of lubricating oil, is not affected by the Restrictive Trade Practices Act unless it also includes provisions to limit sales of motor accessories—which none of the agreements so far do. On the other hand, it seems that the whole system of petrol and oil distribution may at any time be referred to the Monopolies Commission. Thus, even under new legislation, the tied garage system remains—except in certain special respects—a perfectly legitimate trade practice. But is it in the public interest?

The oil companies argue that without an assured retail outlet for their petrol they will not be able to devote their individual attention to their major task of greatly increasing the supplies of heavy oil for heating and steam-raising in British industry over the next few years. The production of these heavy oils provides large quantities of petrol as a by-product, and unless this petrol can be disposed of it will restrict the output of heavy oils which is urgently needed to make good the shortage of home-produced coal. The oil companies say that the tied garage system will enable them to distribute the maximum quantity of petrol—and thus of fuel oil—in the most efficient manner and is therefore in the public interest.

Cheaper Distribution Costs

It is hard to see why the tied garage system itself should make much difference to the total quantity of petrol the motorist is prepared to buy, unless it results in lower prices than would otherwise be the case. But it does seem to me incontrovertible that the solus site system results in significantly cheaper distribution costs. In the past, oil companies had to deliver more frequently and in smaller quantities to many more sites than is now necessary. What the oil companies call the 'rationalisation' of the retail market must clearly have resulted in considerable savings in their direct costs.

It can be argued, of course, that the economies of the tied garage system have not been passed on to the consumer but have been more than offset by the rebates and in the loans advanced to the garages. It is impossible to assess what truth there might be in this charge without a wealth of information which only the Monopolies Commission could secure. One can only point to the fact that on average the price of petrol—both premier and standard grades—has risen by only 1 per cent. over the last three years, much less than most other goods. My own view is that petrol prices might have well been higher over this period if over two-thirds of our garages were still mixed stations as they were before the war.

Several strong arguments have also been adduced against the agreements. It has been said that the tied garage restricts the motorist's freedom of choice. In a limited sense this is true. At any one station the motorist's choice is restricted to the products of the company with which the station is associated. But except in isolated rural areas, where only one company is represented, this is probably not very important. The motorist is the most mobile of consumers. It is normally easy for him to find a service station stocking the brand of petrol he requires. For the same reason there is not much force in the argument that the solus site system limits competition between the oil companies themselves, though it may make entry into the market difficult for a newcomer. The tied garage gives an oil company an assured retail outlet but it does not guarantee a sale. The force of competition is in most cases probably not greatly diminished by the fact that the competitor is not the next pump but the next garage.

On the other hand, it can forcefully be argued that the long-term agreement—not the solus system—does tend to ossify the present distribution system for an unduly long period. If one brand of petrol loses popularity the turnover of the garages tied to it will fall and other garages will be overloaded with customers. But the garages which are losing custom are not free to transfer their allegiance to a more popular brand until their agreement expires. Equally the only way open to the company which is gaining custom to realise its potential advantage to the full is to build additional service stations, thus creating capacity which is socially unnecessary.

Greater Competition for Existing Sites

In the same way under a 100 per cent. solus site system tied by long-term agreements an oil company can compete in an area in which it is not at present represented only by building yet another filling station, while before the war it might only have been necessary to offer a mixed station proprietor generous enough terms to persuade him to install an extra pump or two. What is required is a substantial reduction in the period covered by these agreements, so that there could be greater competition between the oil companies for the use of existing sites.

Finally, are the petrol agreements unfair to the garage trade or to the manufacturers of other products sold by garages? I have already suggested that some of the terms of the agreements are rather onerous and no doubt some of the oil companies' representatives have been over-zealous in securing signatures. There is naturally much public sympathy for the small garage proprietor who, in his negotiations with a huge international oil company, undertakes some commitment which he subsequently regrets. But the agreements are, after all, freely entered into and the oil companies do not often refuse to supply a filling station which does not sign. If the garage proprietor makes a mistake he has, or should have, only himself to blame.

But the same cannot be said of the accessory and independent lubricating oil manufacturers. Under their long-term agreements, the oil companies are in a strong position as sole supplier of a garage's petrol to control the sales of products other than petrol. If they do so, they can not only prevent the consumer from expressing his preference; they can also make or break accessory manufacturers who would plainly be unable to retaliate by tying up garages on their own account.

The oil companies have denied all intention of pursuing any such policy with regard to motor accessories; but, as I have said, there are signs that some oil companies are taking steps to reduce the sales of competitive lubricating oils in their tied garages. At present lubricating oil processors who are independent of the big oil companies account for at least 60 per cent. of the total market. If, as I have suggested, the Restrictive Trade Practices Act does not require registration of agreements between oil companies and garages which contain lubricating oil clauses, it will clearly be within the oil companies' power greatly to increase their own sales of these products at the expense of the independent processors. I can only say that this does not seem to me to be fair competition. The oil companies would be gaining trade not by producing a better or cheaper oil than the independents, but by the simple means of banning the sales of competitive products.

Need for Detailed Planning

As in all these questions of so-called restrictive practices, it is difficult to discover where the public interest really lies. What the oil companies really want is assured markets for the product they find most difficult to sell—petrol—for as far ahead as possible. They have spent over £200,000,000 on their oil refineries in this country since the war, and they claim that this substantial investment cannot be used to the best advantage both of the economy and of themselves unless they can apply to their retail marketing activities the same measure of detailed planning as is possible at every other stage of the productive process.

This is a familiar argument for vertical integration. Similar arguments have led to a wide degree of integration in the brewing industry with its tied houses, and in the cinema industry. Many sole agency agreements, particularly those in the motor and radio industry have their origin in the same type of reasoning. A fluctuating and uncertain market raises the cost of distribution and makes it difficult to plan production schedules in such a way that the optimum economies of scale can be obtained. The methods employed by different industries

(continued on page 230)

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

On Ancestry

WE publish today the first of a series of talks on 'Family Portraits'. In it the Hon. V. Sackville-West recalls her ancestor Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset, who was at one time Lord Treasurer of England and was awarded his estate at Knole by his cousin, Queen Elizabeth I, a great house that had once been the property of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is curious to reflect how many of the figures in modern history derived their wealth and leisure to practise politics or the arts by booty extracted from the Church. For in the ages of faith the Church had been immensely rich. At the Reformation it owned capital worth many millions of pounds in modern terms and a tenth of the produce of the land was assigned to it in support of the priesthood. But after the Reformation a large part of this was filched from the Church by one means or another, and while the parish clergy lived for the most part upon a subsistence level, new families established themselves in affluence at the Church's expense, were ennobled, and filled the aristocracy in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. Without perverting history unduly one may say that the English aristocracy was built upon the pillage of the Church. That is not to say that it did not contain many selfless, patriotic, and devoted men and women. The history of this country might have been dull without them.

Of ancestry in general opinions have frequently changed. Many primitive tribes worshipped their ancestors: the Greeks and Romans regarded them as of the utmost importance, or at any rate their aristocracy did, and the Chinese, at least in the pre-communist era, held them in awe. Then after the French Revolution when the 'aristos' perished in large numbers upon the guillotine, philosophers and political theorists began to think that environment was of more significance than heredity in the development of human character. Robert Owen, the father of British socialism, taught that men could be nursed out of poverty and crime by education and economic equality. That view prevailed down to our own times. But modern science, with its emphasis upon chromosomes, genes, and the like, has restored the balance, and now we are anxious to discover whether our grandmothers suffered from rheumatism or how our parents mixed their genes.

These are grave and difficult questions about which the biologists and zoologists have much to say and which sociologists and reformers need to understand. Yet from the historical point of view one is often perplexed by family differences. Some families—the Stanleys, for example—seem persistently to have produced men and women of outstanding intellectual calibre. Others—the Churchills, for instance—have afforded few great men: there were no men of genius in the family between the first Duke of Marlborough and Sir Winston. Who knows or cares about the ancestors of the last dozen Prime Ministers in the history of this country? How can one account for a Lloyd George or a Ramsay MacDonald in terms of ancestry? No doubt people who lack distinguished ancestors incline to compensate themselves by disparaging their importance: but the continuing popularity of genealogy and the devotion that many people apply to tracing their ancestry show that the question is often looked at in the other way. They are far from ready to admit that 'family pride must be denied, and set aside, and mortified', as with Pooh-Bah. In the long run it is likely that it will be the biologists and not the historians who will have the last word on the subject.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts before the London conference

WITH THE APPROACH of the London conference, the Suez Canal continued to dominate the attention of commentators. Here are examples of reactions from various countries:

EGYPT: On August 12, Colonel Nasser broadcast to the Egyptian people, after holding a press conference at which he announced Egypt's refusal to attend the London conference, and emphasised that Egypt would not accept any measures which he described as 'collective colonialism'. On the same day Cairo radio announced that the Council of the Arab League, meeting in Cairo, had passed a resolution pledging full co-operation with Egypt. On August 5 Cairo radio announced the calling up of reservists and the mobilisation of youth. On August 10 the Commander of the newly-formed Egyptian 'Liberation Army' said its purpose was to prepare every Egyptian to defend his family and home. On the same day it was announced that Colonel Nasser had postponed his visit to Moscow. A Cairo broadcast stated:

Asian and African opinion should realise that the London conference is directed not only against Egypt, but also against the small and medium states which have acquired their independence and wish to preserve it. The London conference is not a conference at all, but a conspiracy.

Egyptian newspapers, quoted from Cairo before Colonel Nasser's statement, stressed that 'Egypt will not under any circumstances tolerate any action infringing her sovereignty' and that 'the threat of force is no longer effective'.

U.S.S.R.: In its long statement broadcast on August 9, the Soviet Government accepted the invitation to the conference, but suggested it be postponed, and that twenty-two other countries be invited including China, the satellite States, and Arab States (but not Israel). It is said that any attempt by the conference to question Egypt's right to nationalise the Canal Company would be open interference in Egypt's internal affairs, and condemned Britain's and France's precautionary measures as 'a threat to peace'. On August 11, Pravda was quoted as saying that any idea of internationalising the Canal must be decisively rejected as 'a gross interference in Egypt's internal affairs'. Moscow broadcasts claimed that there was no evidence to support Sir Anthony's statement that President Nasser could not be trusted to maintain freedom of navigation. (Again, no reference was made to Egypt's banning of Israel shipping. This point was emphasised in commentaries from Israel, which also complained that Israel had not been invited to the conference.)

YUGOSLAVIA: Marshal Tito expressed surprise at Yugoslavia not being invited to the conference. Yugoslav broadcasts, quoting the press, said any international conference about Suez should be under United Nations auspices, and condemned the Anglo-French military measures as a violation of their obligations towards the United Nations.

GREECE: On August 11 Greece announced its refusal to attend the conference. Earlier, *Kathimerini* was quoted as saying that Greece's presence at the conference was 'indispensable, because the question of freedom of the Canal is related to the question of the freedom of Cyprus'.

FRANCE: French press reviews showed almost unanimous approval of Sir Anthony Eden's broadcast for its 'restrained firmness', and expressed the French people's gratitude.

ITALY: Italian newspapers expressed support for international control of the Canal.

SWEDEN: The Liberal *Goeteborgs Posten* was quoted for the view that the London conference would give the West a fine opportunity of testing Soviet intentions, and the Soviets a chance to show whether they are against the violation of international agreements.

INDIA: Mr. Nehru, in accepting the invitation to the conference, upheld Egypt's right to nationalise the Canal, and criticised Britain and France for 'threatening to enforce their views by the display or the use of force'. This had caused resentment throughout Asia and the Arab world.

UNITED STATES: Sir Anthony Eden's broadcast received the greatest prominence in press and radio, with emphasis on the passage saying Britain did not seek a solution by force but by the broadest possible international agreement.

Did You Hear That?

INDIANS OF THE SNOW-CAPPED SIERRA

ROSS SALMON has just returned from central South America, where he has been studying the way of life of several unknown and hostile-minded tribes that live in the jungles and mountains. One of these tribes was that of the Kogi Indians, whose home is on the slopes of the snow-capped Sierra Nevada, and he spoke about them in 'The Eye-witness'.

'The Kogi Indians', he said, 'are the survivors of the Tairona civilisation, that is the Indian nation which inhabited the Sierra Nevada at the time of the Spanish Conquest. They never surrendered and old Spanish chronicles say that the whole nation was massacred. It has now been proved that some escaped, but they still seem to hate the whites. They retire farther and farther up the mountain in the face of the advancing colonisation, and refuse to accept any other civilisation but their own.

'I was dead-dog tired by the time I reached the first Kogi village, because from Santa Marta at the foot of the Sierra Nevada it was eight days' very hard trek: five days on a mule plodding along perilous and sometimes narrow tracks carved out of the mountainside, and often with a sheer 200- or 300-foot drop at one side. Then, three days on foot carrying a fifty-pound pack, climbing up treacherous rocky slopes that even a mule could not manage. At last I scrambled over the top of one hill and saw a little village on the plateau just below me. Twenty or so circular stone huts nestled inside a six-foot-high wall of stones. I entered the village through the high wooden gate, walked over to the group of three Indians who were sitting outside one of the huts, chewing coca and talking sleepily together. I asked them for shelter for the night, but they paid no attention to me whatsoever. So I approached an Indian walking down the street. He walked right past me as though I were some invisible man. Then I turned round, and found the village completely deserted, and every door shut. That was typical of my welcome among the Kogi nation.

'But I went on and on up the mountain, from village to village, learning a little about the Kogi and their way of life as I went. I could see that their agriculture was well organised. On the plateaux and terraced gardens they ploughed with oxen, and sowed maize, potatoes, carrots, and onions. They ran herds of milk cows and goats in very well-kept pastures, and they seemed to live quite well. To catch the few wild boar and the little white-tailed deer in the mountains they set traps; they do not use bows and arrows any more. Their clothing was necessarily warm. Long, hand-woven togas reached to their ankles—both for men and women. And their hats were close-fitting helmets made of tight woven string, looking something like a Norman-style helmet to me.

'To get some information about their way of life I had to give them presents. They do not use money, so I picked on two less hostile-looking Indians and gave them sugar and necklaces and combs. They like combs best of all because they have such long, matted hair. They told me that the Kogis are ruled by a tribal chieftain and by a religious leader as well, who is the more powerful. Their god is "Mother", and their whole religious and ceremonial life revolves around

the womb. The earth, for example, is an egg, and the circular house represents a womb, and they hold many trance-seances in the womb-shaped temple, which even has umbilical cords hanging from the ceiling'.

COMFORT IN TARTARY

'For six weeks I travelled about Sinkiang', said BASIL DAVIDSON in a Home Service talk, 'by aeroplane and motor-car and cross-country vehicle and horseback. I should think that I saw more of the country and its peoples than any stray foreigner has ever seen. For this,



at last, is a country at peace; and its government is popular. Its roads are reasonably good, and often I could drive at twenty-five or thirty miles an hour. Regular air services fly about in it. All this was surprising, and altogether new. I had searched the old travellers' tales—and the not-so-old tales—and had found no mention of the word peace. The thing had simply not been known here. Travellers had arrived either while war was brewing, while it was actually going on, or else in the smoking wake of it: and it was evidently hard to say which of these was worst.

'Life had been dangerously unsafe in Tartary. In 1904, as I remember reading, the German archaeologist Le Coq had found in the principal street of Urumchi—the capital of Sinkiang—an execution apparatus of peculiarly horrible design. It was, he says, a permanent fixture. It consisted of "a cage in which the condemned man was firmly fixed between planks, and every day the footboard was moved down a little so that the unhappy man's neck was slowly dragged out more and more until in the end—eight days it was said to last—death occurred". Le Coq, as one may see from this description, was a man of brawny spiritual fibre: but all that, he writes, did make "a very unpleasant impression" on him. Anyone who went this way, and took the desert road to Turkestan, expected an endless war with elliptical mandarins, obtuse



Dancing by schoolchildren in Sinkiang

officials, a rag-tag-and-bob-tail of thieves and bandits: and the expectation was always met. It made good story-telling afterwards, at any rate for those who survived to tell their tale: at the time, one suspects, it was no end of a bore.

Something of all this still lingers in the streets of Urumchi, although the mandarins and bandits have disappeared. The late Sir Eric Teichman, riding through in 1935, found it "gloomy, dark, and sinister"; and enough of the old town still remains for one to see why. In the centre of the city there dwelt the Chinese community, shielded by a high wall and strong gates closed at sundown. Outside this Chinese wall there dwelt the Uighur people; but they too had a protecting wall of their own. And beyond this Uighur wall there lived all those who could do no better for themselves than a private barricade. So it was a city of walls within walls; and it lived on a knife-edge between riot and repression.

Parts of the old walls still remain, but the rest is gone. New asphalt roadways cut through the city. Factory chimneys send their smoke towards the distant summits of the Tien Shan. There is even, in this remote place, a modern motor-assembly plant capable of manufacturing some 800 parts for the Soviet-made lorries that are now going back and forth across the Gobi in their thousands, to link Chinese Turkestan with the main provinces of China. Outside Urumchi I saw the buildings of a new medical university, to be opened this year, and I was told that it will be among the largest and best-equipped in Asia.

There is even comfort in Tartary. In place of the filthy inns that the old travellers tarried in, and suffered in, Urumchi has three new hotels: the latest, where I stayed myself, is a well designed building of 100 rooms or more, and with sanitation such as Inner Asia has never dreamed of. It is a little hard to have to admit it; but travelling in Tartary need be no hardship nowadays.

Within eighteen months from now the new trunk railway from central China will have crossed the Gobi and have reached Urumchi; and then, they say, the pace of change will quicken again. Yet Sinkiang will long remain a land of powerful contrasts. Beneath Urumchi, they now know, there lie some of the richest steam-coal deposits in the whole of China; but outside the windows of my fine hotel there treads a string of camels, led by a man on a donkey, that are bearing coals to the city. Not far away there is a modern flour mill; and beyond that a modern textile plant with 3,000 workers: while nearby, along the road, Sinkiang peasants stroll to market in embroidered caps and long gowns, a costume barely changed in centuries. One day I rounded a corner and ran into a group of peasants who were quietly dancing in the dust, for the fun of it, to the off-beat whine of a Sinkiang fiddle. But only a few hundred yards away high scaffolding enclosed the shell of a really splendid national theatre. The architect, a native of Kashgar, was good enough to show me round. The stage was large enough to bear eighty dancers; and all dancing at top speed. That will be really something to see; for these Sinkiang people are vigorous, carefree dancers, and great players of the flute and fiddle.

VISITING THE PRINCE OF CHITRAL

In the course of a talk in 'From Our Own Correspondent', GERALD PRIESTLAND described a visit to the State of Chitral, in the north of Pakistan, to which Mr. Nehru has laid a claim. 'We made our base at the government rest house in Chitral town', he said, 'and in next to no time had become the *protégés* of everyone who was anyone. There was a handful of court officials and local headmen, two princes of the polygamously involved royal family, a doctor, a mining engineer, two intelligence officers of the Pakistan Government who were splendid company and were not interested in us, but in the designs of some

much nearer Powers. And finally, there were some officers of that romantic unit, the Chitral Scouts. These friends produced horses for us and took us on long hair-raising excursions that we would never have attempted on our own feet, let alone on horseback. As we rode, trying not to look down, they pointed out the scenes of various notable disasters, landslides, avalanches, missed footholds. They halted us continuously at their ancestral castles and plied us with enormous seven-course lunches of which rice, chicken and goat were the main ingredients, and they presented us with a total of four dressing-gowns, eight hats, and six embroidered handbags. I hasten to add that to refuse any of this would have been a mortal affront to tribal courtesy.

One morning we were granted an audience with the Prince or Mentar of Chitral. As he speaks only Chitrali the conversation was precisely nil. However, we sat eating peaches for about half an hour

in a dignified sort of way, until it was time for His Highness's daily polo lesson. At present the Mentar is far more interested in peaches and polo than in running the state; but this is hardly surprising seeing that he is only six years old.

Already he has something to be proud of. Although it is the poorest and, geographically, the most handicapped of the three Malakand States, Chitral has definitely taken the road of progressive Swat, rather than reactionary Dir. It has about a hundred schools, a dozen dispensaries, three hospitals, and a semi-elected advisory council. The mountains which are its prison are also its treasure house. They have endowed it with astonishing mineral wealth, if only it could be got at.

KNILL'S STEEPLE

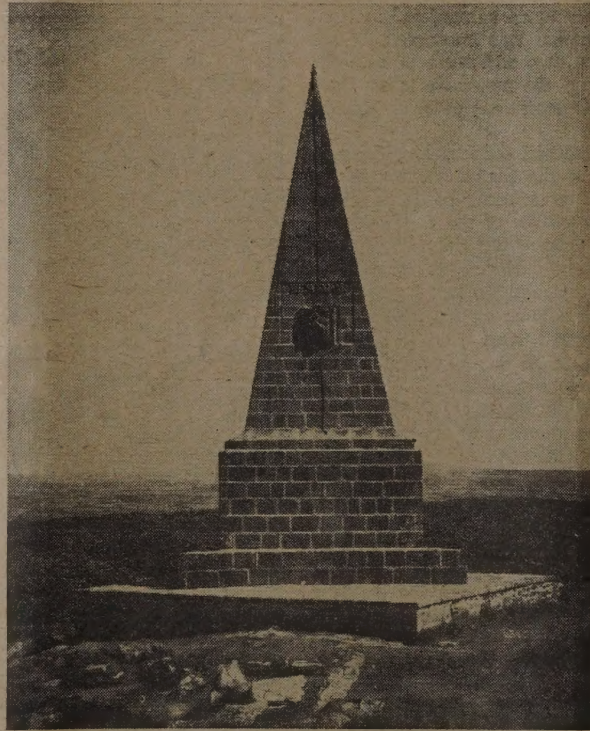
In St. Ives, once every five years, a ceremony is held in accordance with the will of one John Knill, who died in the year 1811. It takes place at a monument called Knill's Steeple, which was built by Knill himself. This year's ceremony was seen by FRANCIS JAMES, who described it in 'The Eye-Witness'.

John Knill spent something over £200 on the monument and the tomb, in which he wanted to be buried', he

said. 'He also drew up a special deed. Ten pounds a year was to be paid to three trustees, the mayor, the customs officer, and the vicar; £5 of the money should be spent if necessary on repairs to the monument, the other five should be left to accumulate and spent every five years, partly on a dinner to his memory for the trustees and partly as payment to selected people who were to dance round his remains in the mausoleum. These had to be ten girls under the age of ten, who had to be daughters of seamen, fishermen, or tanners, and two, widows. Provision was also made to pay a fiddler.

It is a charming ceremony. In the Guildhall of this little town, that is sometimes called the Cornish St. Tropez, I watched the financial part of the trust being fulfilled—money being handed to a widow and to the fiddler and to the children, while the mayor, Alderman James Daniel, stood at a table on which was John Knill's ancient metal chest. Yes, only one widow this year, a second could not be found to fit the necessary requirements. This was followed by a procession up the hill to Knill's Steeple: the girls, dancing, all in white with ribbons in their hair, followed by the widow wearing a white rosette, and by the Master of Ceremonies in a grey top-hat and morning suit. In front was the fiddler, John Care, whose fingers are still nimble in spite of his eighty-five years.

But the tomb inside the mausoleum is empty. There were difficulties over consecration, and John Knill was buried in London, at St. Andrew's in Holborn, and not in his beloved St. Ives after all. But every five years there is still the procession and the dancing round the empty mausoleum.



Knill's Steeple, the 'empty mausoleum' near St. Ives, Cornwall

Family Portraits—I

A Child in the House

V. SACKVILLE-WEST gives the first of six talks

THIS will have to be rather a personal talk. Otherwise it might become just history—dates and facts and forgotten names—like a lesson book. I would like to make it more human than that, and I hope perhaps I can, because the people I shall talk about

were always such real and living people to me. They were not lesson-book dates at all; they were men and women called Thomas and Cecily; Richard and Anne; Edward and Mary; Charles. I knew them all by their Christian names, rather than by their grand and high-sounding titles. They wore different sorts of clothes, of course, as the centuries changed in fashion; but they were still all very living people to me: I knew what they looked like.

I have sometimes thought how odd it must seem, not to be able to trace one's ancestry back further than two, three, or four generations, but even odder in a way to be able to trace it back to the time of William the Conqueror, and to know at least something of all those people who had gone before one. How much did one owe to them? How much had they transmitted? How much had they contributed to English history; to the making of our country; and, in a different way, to one's own making?

On the walls of my ancestral home hung many portraits of a particular old man, a severe old man with a pointed beard, a starched and goffered white ruff, black clothes, a white stick in his hand, and the Order of the Garter round his knee. I call him an old man, because there were no portraits of him in his youth. He was only a poet then, in his young days and his early manhood, so I suppose no one had thought him worth painting—not before he had turned into the grave old statesman, Lord Treasurer of England, cousin of Queen Elizabeth, and one of her great Officers of State. That white stick in his hand was the white wand denoting his office. This was Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset.

You might think that these old portraits, stiff and conventional, would mean nothing to me, a child running freely about the galleries and passages of the same great house which had been given to him by Queen Elizabeth. But you would be mistaken. I used to gaze up at the pictures of old Sir Thomas, and think 'That might be a picture of my own grand-

papa. He looks so very like him'. There are the same heavy eyelids, veiling the eyes, and I find the same eyes in family portraits of many successive generations. My father had them; my uncles have them; I have them myself. What a queer thing, this transmission of a hereditary

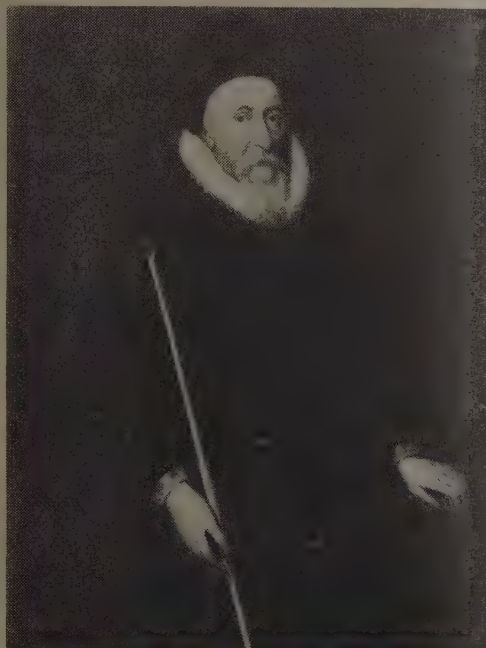
physical trait, persisting down through the centuries. I notice now, for instance, that my son sometimes makes exactly the same gestures as my grandfather used to make, yet my son never saw my grandfather, so it could not be a conscious imitation. And if a physical trait can persist, visible and recognisable, who knows what other traits of character and temperament may also persist, coming out in odd quirks and idiosyncrasies?

All this consideration made me feel that old Thomas Sackville was not so far removed from me, his descendant, as the centuries would seem to suggest. He was a living person to me. He was like my own grandfather; so very much like him that I felt I knew him as intimately, and in fact I sometimes got muddled as to which was which, the grandpapa with whom I used to play draughts of an evening, or old Sir Thomas who had lived in these same rooms 400 years ago and whose portrait **now** looked down upon us both from the wall.

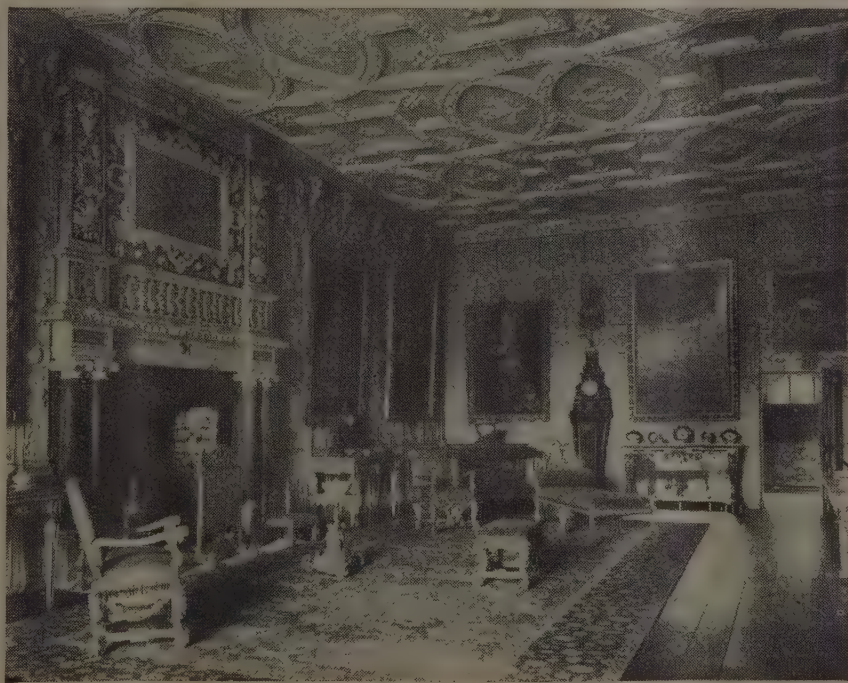
What did I actually know about him? I knew that his father, Sir Richard, was so fabulously rich that they called him 'Fill-Sack' instead of Sackville. I knew that their ancestors had come over in 1066 from a little place in Normandy, called Salcavilla; it is called Sauqueville today. They had settled in England as country gentry, and

by the twelfth century were already living at Buckhurst in Sussex. They were not particularly distinguished. Sir Thomas' father seems to have been a man with some literary leanings, but, more importantly for the family fortunes, his mother had been a Boleyn, and his relationship with Queen Elizabeth brought him many lucrative appointments, which enabled him to buy vast London properties such as Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, the Manor of Holborn, and all that area that lies between the Strand and the river Thames. It does seem a pity that all this fine estate should have been squandered by a spendthrift only three generations later.

Young Thomas, his son, started his career as a poet, and a poet of



Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset (1536-1608): a portrait attributed to Gheeraerts. Below: the ballroom of Knole House, Kent



A. F. Kersting

great promise too, especially when one considers that he was writing before Edmund Spenser, and long before Shakespeare. Here are two verses to show you the quality of his poems:

Midnight was come, and every vital thing
With sweet sound sleep their weary limbs did rest,
The beasts were still, the little birds that sing,
Now sweetly slept beside their mother's breast,
The old and all well shrouded in their nest;
The waters calm, the cruel seas did cease,
The woods, the fields, and all things held their peace.

The golden stars were whirld amid their race,
And on the earth did with their twinkling light,
When each thing nestled in his resting-place,
Forget day's pain with pleasure of the night;
The hare had not the greedy hounds in sight,
The fearful deer of death stood not in doubt,
The partridge dreamt not of the falcon's foot.

A gentle and sensitive person, I think he would appear from this, and we may regret that he turned away from literature into the paths of politics and public affairs, for it is surely preferable to become a first-rate poet than a second-rate public servant. However, there it was, and we may at least say that he indulged his taste for the æsthetic niceties of life in the fortune that he lavished upon Knole, the great house in Kent which the Queen had given him. This had once been a palace of the Archbishops of Canterbury, and had passed into the possession of the Crown after Henry VIII caded it off Archbishop Cranmer. I really cannot use any other word than 'cade'; it was an outrageous cade; a huge hint dropped by King Henry to the Archbishop, to the effect that the King would like Knole for himself; and in those days hints dropped by Kings were meant to be picked up, even by Archbishops. Archbishop Cranmer picked it up; Knole passed to the Crown; and so eventually passed to Thomas Sackville as a present—and what a present!—from the reigning Queen.

Thomas Sackville must have loved that house, as we have all loved it since. I do not think it was any desire for mere ostentation that made him beautify it, putting the plasterwork ceilings in, and the panelling in the ballroom, with its fantastic frieze of mermaids with twisty tails and scales; I think it was a reflection of the whole Elizabethan age, when everything was new and exciting; and for Thomas Sackville, who had not been one of the more adventurous Elizabethans, setting out on dangerous cruises to discover New Worlds, this house of his, this English house, must have meant as much to him as it meant to me and my grandpapa.

I used to read things about old Sir Thomas. I discovered that he employed a private orchestra, which discoursed sweet music to him from the musicians' gallery above the banquetting hall at Knole, and here again it suggested a gentle and sensitive person, with the love of poetry and of music, able to indulge himself in an extravagant sort of thing to do, the sort of thing that the aristocracy could afford themselves in those days. But then again I came across a letter from him, where he apologises to the Queen for a bad reception that he has given to a Cardinal she had commanded him to entertain on her behalf. 'My own basin and ewer', he says, 'I lent to the Cardinal and went without myself'.

When I first came across this letter, I was dreadfully shocked. 'Grandpapa', I said, 'he can't have washed'.

'No', said Grandpapa, looking up at Thomas who so much resembled him; 'I don't suppose he did'. And we went on playing draughts.

That is what I meant by saying that the painted ancestors on the walls were real people to me. There was the gallant Cavalier, Edward; all curls, great long curly locks; but I used to wonder what happened to those long curly locks after a day's hunting out in the rain? Unless Edward Sackville had naturally curly hair, he and his Cavalier friends must have looked

pretty straggly and unkempt when they came home; rats' tails, stringy hair. What did they do? Put it in curl-papers? There was no permanent waving in those days. I think we might have got a surprise if we had seen one of these swagger Cavaliers coming home after a day in the mists of an English autumn.

Then the portraits on the walls came down to the time of Charles II. By that time they had taken to wearing wigs. Here I got another ancestor, Charles Sackville, sixth Earl of Dorset, a heavy Restoration man, with an enormous wig over a coarse jowly face. I never liked him very much; he did not catch my fancy as old Sir Thomas had caught it. He, also, was a poet; but not nearly so good a poet as Sir Thomas. The only thing that made Charles Sackville come alive to me as a real person was the wig-stands that he got made for himself, in silver and ebony. The originals are still at Knole. What made him come alive was the thought that when he came home he used to take off that hot and heavy wig, hang it up on the wig-stand, twist a silk scarf round his shaven head, and sit down at his writing table to deal with his correspondence. And how hideous he must have looked, with his shaven head; how very different from the pompous, bewigged courtier of the Restoration!

Yet that was the way that I, his irreverent descendant, thought of him. Perhaps I was right. Perhaps I got a truer picture of the real man than I could have got from any amount of history lessons. I knew also that he was a friend and patron of poets—Alexander Pope, John Dryden, and Matthew Prior who owed his education to Charles Sackville—and as for Charles' own poetry, I knew at least one verse of his song which has become an anthology piece:

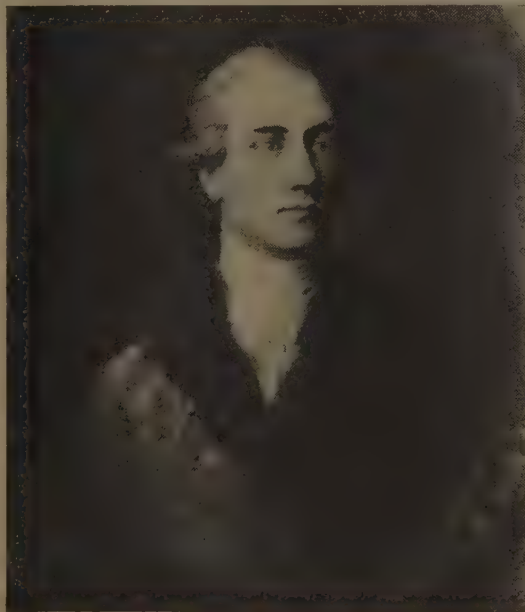
To all you ladies now at land
We men at sea indite,
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write.

And that was something I could understand, for already I myself was beginning to discover how hard it was to write. So that old rakish ancestor of mine up there on the wall had made the same discovery 300 years ago, had he? That brought him much closer to me. Perhaps, I thought, he scratched his head and chewed his pencil, thinking out a rhyme, even as I was doing in the same rooms? The same rooms; always the same rooms; the long continuity of the same family in the same house.

Then my range of family portraits went on. There was the first Duke of Dorset—



Edward Sackville, fourth Earl of Dorset (1590-1652): portrait by Van Dyck



John Frederick, third Duke of Dorset (1745-1799): portrait by Gainsborough

such a dull man: his full-length pictures made me understand what was meant by the Hanoverian age. I could not bring myself to take any interest in the early Georgians. The first Duke was neither a poet nor a gay witty libertine; he may have been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, but that left me cold. I could find no romance in him, a lump of a man in vast velvet robes. I had to come down to the end of the eighteenth century before meeting the portrait of the third Duke—and what a difference was there! Romance entered my world again in the beauty of that face painted by Gainsborough, the grey hair, and the same rather melancholy eyes. He had been our Ambassador in Paris at the court of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, just before the French Revolution. The Duchess of Devonshire described him as 'the most dangerous of men, for with that beauty of his he is so unaffected, and has a simplicity and persuasion in his manner that makes one account very easily for the number of women he has had in love with him'. He kept an Italian mistress at Knole; he had her painted by Gainsborough and Reynolds; he gave her a Chinese page-boy to attend her; and he allowed her to bind his Order of the Garter round her forehead at the Opera. Old Sir Thomas must have looked down on him in severe disapproval.

But I, as the child in the house, understood nothing of these things and had no moral standards. Sometimes, as a great treat, I was allowed to play with the diamond and ruby dingle-dangle that he used in his lace jabot, and thought only of how attractive he must have been, and how much I wished I could meet him in one of the long galleries and get him to tell me stories of Marie Antoinette at the Court of Versailles before her pretty head fell to the guillotine.

Then there was his son, the little boy in nankeen trousers and frilly shirt—another portrait—Duke of Dorset at the age of five: a curly golden head, a typical English child. I had an affectionate weakness for him because I knew that he had been sent out of the dining-room in disgrace for speaking to his sister; he had only asked her for the salt, but little boys in those days were seen and not heard, whether they were dukes or not. And I had his rocking-horse in my own nursery, a strange and ungainly animal he must often have ridden. I once painted it all over with pink spots, and got into dreadful trouble for doing so. But even the scolding I got brought me nearer to the little boy who had been sent up to his nursery for daring to speak to his sister at luncheon.

This was a sad portrait, because this pretty boy got killed out hunting when he was only just twenty-one. He had grown up into a handsome young man, and he might have had a great future before him. Such a waste of life, to lose it in the stumble of a horse, who, turning in the air, threw itself with great violence upon its rider.

What does all this add up to? Very little, I am afraid; merely an abbreviated record of an English family. Most of them did their duty by the State; many of them loved, and even wrote, poetry. Some of them were worthy, others less worthy. I daresay the same could be said of most families.

But, to my childish eyes, they all had a certain glamour, especially as I saw them against the background of the great house which was their home and mine. I have said little about Knole, but it is there for anyone to visit, and to see the portraits still hanging on the walls.

—Home Service

Bernard Shaw as Producer

By HESKETH PEARSON

WHEN Bernard Shaw was very young he saw three famous players in great Shakespearean parts: Ristori, Salvini, and Barry Sullivan. Being an intent observer

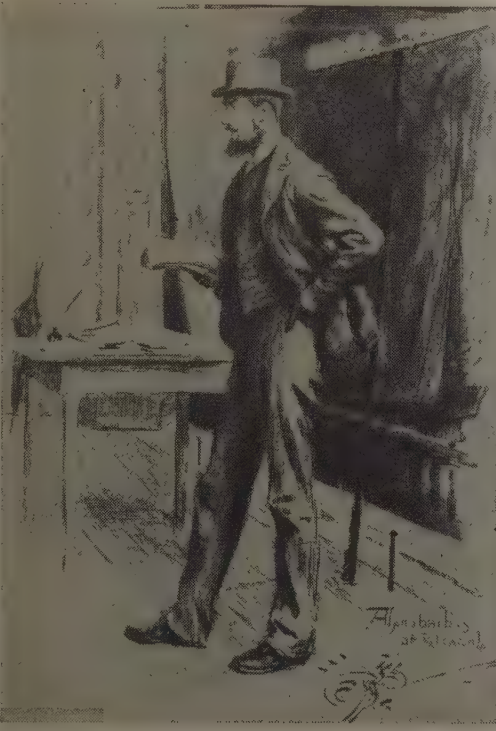
he learnt from them how lengthy rhetorical passages and dramatic scenes could be performed without straining the voice or fatiguing the body, and how their finest effects were achieved without apparent effort. In fact he learnt the art of classical acting from the last survivors of an ancient tradition. While still a youngster he saw an actor, then almost unknown, named Henry Irving, one of the first of the nervous, subtle, modern school which was about to supersede the classical and produce a new race of players for a class of play totally unlike the superhuman dramas in which Salvini, Ristori, and Sullivan had acted. As a playgoer, and later as a critic, Shaw watched and listened with the same intensity as the performers acted, and when he came to produce his own plays his knowledge of dramatic presentation was comprehensive. I once asked Forbes-Robertson, for whom Shaw wrote 'Caesar and Cleopatra', what he thought of the author as a producer. He replied: 'G.B.S. had the whole business of stagecraft at his fingertips. He knew more than all the rest of us put together'.

From his earliest years he was impregnated by the classical style of writing and acting, and so he restored in his plays the long rhetorical speeches of primitive dramaturgy, the clearly differentiated characters of the Shakespearean stage, and the technique of Euripides and Molière. But as his subject-matter was modern, he set himself the task of teaching naturalistic actors how

to speak his lines in a flamboyant manner. At first it seemed impossible. The actors did not know what to make of his dialogue. 'Is this supposed to be funny?' asked one of them. 'Leave that to the audience', replied

Shaw; 'just say the words as if you meant them even though you don't know what they mean'. One of his plays, 'You Never Can Tell', was rehearsed for a West End production at the Haymarket Theatre in 1897. But the cast could not make head or tail of it. Two of them thought their parts impossible and threw them up. 'There are no laughs and no good exit lines', said one. Shaw told me that another leading actor, having failed several times to get the right inflections of a speech, lost his temper and said 'Come up and do it yourself!' Shaw patiently went on the stage and did it. After which the actor sulked. Shaw summed it up for me: 'When I told them how a speech should be spoken, they were temporarily paralysed and quite incapable of intelligent expression for several minutes; so I was forced to ration myself to one correction per actor per rehearsal'. The comedy had to be withdrawn after a fortnight of author's desperation and actors' dejection.

Another of his plays, 'Arms and the Man', did actually achieve production at the Avenue Theatre, but that was through the influence of his friend Florence Farr. It was wanted in a hurry and the last act had not been written when rehearsals started. A. E. W. Mason was in the cast and he told me that between rehearsals Shaw used to sit in the Embankment Gardens finishing his play. Fortunately the speed of production left the performers no time to ponder on what they were saying or whether it meant anything, and on the first night they



Bernard Shaw at a rehearsal of 'Arms and the Man' at the Avenue Theatre, London, in 1894: a sketch by Bernard Partridge

Mander-Mitchenson Theatre Collection

played with the anxious gravity of actors uncertain of their lines. As a result the audience yelled with laughter at almost everything. But the hilarious success of the first performance was never repeated because the actors, convinced by the roars of merriment that the thing was a farce, began to play for laughs on conventional burlesque lines, which wrecked the show.

Shaw's real chance as a producer came in 1904 when a few successful *matinées* of 'Candida' induced a young actor, Granville Barker, to go into management with a business man, J. E. Vedrenne, at the Court Theatre and do a series of plays that every West End manager of that time would have rejected as unactable and incomprehensible. Their three-year tenancy of the Court was made possible by the success of Shaw's comedies, all of which were produced by the author.

Spotting the Actor

He was now in a position to cast his plays, design his scenery, and manage everything on the stage. He had a flair for spotting the type of actor he needed. Long before his days at the Court he was rehearsing 'Widowers' Houses' in a tavern. He had been unable to get the right man for a leading part, Lickcheese, but during rehearsal a short young fellow named James Welch, with red hair and a tired expression, poked his head round the door to look for someone. He was instantly dragged in and asked to read the part, which he did so well that he was asked to play it. His performance was the hit of the piece and made his reputation. In the same way a performance by Granville Barker was enough to make Shaw entrust him with leading parts at the Court Theatre; and after a single glance at Lillah McCarthy he handed his play 'Man and Superman' to her, saying that she was to create the heroine.

But these were heaven-sent exceptions. Most of his actors had been brought up to believe that speeches of more than a dozen words were fatal to popular success and were compelled to adapt themselves to lengthy speeches written in a rhetorical style. Barker called Shaw's plays 'Italian opera', and Shaw himself used to advise the more prosaic actors to sing his words in order to get the right musical intonations. The Shakespearean players he needed for his big parts were at a loss when told to use their classical technique in modern realistic prose plays, and consequently Shaw often had to spoon-feed them phrase by phrase until they could reproduce the words in a manner that seemed to them unnatural but impressive. In this way he got the effects he wanted.

Shaw himself wrote a play by ear, vocally repeating the lines as they came to his pen, and when he had finished it he declaimed it to a few selected friends. Then he read it to the cast engaged for the production. His was a vivid performance. The characters were differentiated skilfully by a manner of speech peculiar to each. He used no gestures, but never become monotonous, getting the mood and meaning of the speaker by timing and vocal modulation and building up the long crescendo passages without the least strain on his voice. At the end of the reading his listeners would sometimes burst into a spontaneous round of applause.

For about a week after that the actors were allowed to read their parts at their ease, with Shaw on the stage directing the movements and business, all of which he had carefully planned before the first rehearsal. Having thoroughly established this, he quitted the stage and retired to the auditorium with a notebook, leaving the actors to get through their parts by memory. In this phase of rehearsal he never interrupted the dialogue, nor let it be interrupted, until the play was completely learnt. But he was observing everything closely, usually from the dress circle, and filling his book with notes. Then at the close of an act he took each actor through his part, neither criticising nor explaining but simply showing how the lines should be spoken by speaking them himself. He gave the vocal inflections as well as the appropriate physical gestures and expressions, exaggerating so as to prevent the actors from copying him instead of grasping his meaning.

His manner on these occasions can only be described as infectious. There was an air of gaiety about him that put everyone in a good humour. He could make a dejected actor feel lively. He never uttered a harsh or hurtfully ironic word, and never attempted to make a player produce an effect outside his scope. Therein lay part of his genius as a producer. In a moment, so it seemed, he summed up an actor's capability, knew exactly what could be expected of him, and obtained, not always what Shaw wanted, but the utmost that the actor could give. He had no set rules as to how a part should be played, but allowed for the player's peculiar temperament and personality and

contented himself with getting a good performance within those limitations.

No author could be more modest than Shaw. He did not regard his text as sacrosanct. He laughed over his own lines as if they were jokes by somebody else and never could repeat them accurately. Once, when an actor apologised for misquoting a passage, he remarked: 'What you said is better than what I wrote. If you can always misquote so well, keep on misquoting—but remember to give the right cues!' Nor did he regard his stage directions as unalterable. At one rehearsal he advised an actor to pass behind the table at a particular moment; at the next he advised him to pass in front of it.

'But, Mr. Shaw, you told me yesterday to cross behind the table!'

'Oh, did I? Well, that just shows the danger of paying any attention to what I say.'

Whenever he was solely responsible for the production of his plays, everything went smoothly. There was not the slightest friction in any department. I never heard an actor speak of him except with affectionate admiration. Even when he had to administer criticism he did so in a completely disarming way, as when he confided in a fellow: 'Someone says you are too soft in this act. Now you were so soft that I couldn't hear a word you said'. The overstatement removed the sting. He was never ruffled and took every crisis with good humour. In a West End production Henry Ainley was asked by the rest of the company to tell Shaw that the leading actress was invariably drunk. 'Yes, yes, I know', was the reply, 'but I'd rather have her drunk in the part than any other actress sober.'

His main principle as a producer was expressed in the advice he gave to an American manager: 'You must pamper the company and not bully them'. He never shouted at an actor but was courteous and considerate to everyone, from the stage-doorkeeper to the stage-manager, from the call-boy to the 'star'. And he never made the mistake of overworking the company. His rehearsals began at ten-thirty and finished at one o'clock, and not a minute more would he give to them. When I reminded him that the final rehearsal of 'Androcles and the Lion' lasted till three o'clock in the morning, he assured me emphatically that Granville Barker, not himself, was the culprit.

'I repeatedly remonstrated with Barker for it', he said, 'and declared that the theatre needed a stiff Factory Act to prevent it. No producer who is really doing his work can endure more than two and a half hours at it'.

Though extremely indulgent to his cast, Shaw was not lavish with praise for their efforts. If they did well, good enough. If they did not, leave ill alone: that was roughly his attitude. I recall an incident when I was playing the small part of the exhibition secretary in the last act of 'The Doctor's Dilemma'. After the dress rehearsal he came on the stage with innumerable notes for the two principal players, dismissing me at once with 'You're all right'. This probably brought a look of self-complacency to my face, because he added quickly: 'But don't let the knowledge that you're all right make you think you couldn't be better'. I felt chastened but not humiliated.—*Home Service*

The Tied Garage

(continued from page 223)

to secure some measure of control or influence over their retail outlets vary considerably, but the motive in every case is similar.

The arguments against allowing this control to go too far are also similar in every case. Competition between manufacturers is often reduced, the retailer's freedom is limited, the pattern of distribution is frozen, entry into the industry is made more difficult—and so on. But the degree, method, and conditions of control vary greatly from industry to industry and it is not sensible to try to arrive at any general judgement on the social effect of such agreements as a whole. A great deal depends on the facts of the particular case, and even when these are established there is room for much difference of opinion.

My own view of the petrol agreements is that the solus site system has more advantages than disadvantages for the general public, chiefly because it should tend to keep the price of petrol down. But I am more doubtful about the long-term agreement and about the control of sales of lubricating oils. If the duration of the agreements were limited to, say, a two- or three-year period, or at any rate contained a clause permitting either party to terminate the agreement after giving due notice, I think the strongest arguments against the tied garage would lose much of their force.—*Third Programme*

Aspects of Africa

Music in South Africa

By STEWART HYLTON EDWARDS

I SHOULD like to discuss one particular aspect of the vast subject of African music—the possibility and desirability of incorporating African music into a recognised European style. We shall therefore be concerned with viewing the music of Africa against the background of the broad stream of our own great musical heritage—one so strong that it is gradually displacing all other primitive music throughout the world, particularly in the East and in Africa, where music is still in the folk stage and at a subconscious level.

Composition at a Subconscious Level

African music is not written down. No means of doing so has yet been found. It varies enormously from district to district and from tribe to tribe. It is extremely complex rhythmically. Its instruments run into hundreds, but are, like our own, usually played by plucking or bowing, blowing or banging. There are hundreds of different scales, but the commonest is some form of pentatonic scale. The tuning is entirely at a subconscious level. The composition of African music is, therefore, still at a subconscious level: at the level of European music before Pythagoras discovered, scientifically, the octave. The African has brought monotony to a fine art, and, since he sings as he works and as he plays, we find the repetitive actions of manual labour measured by an endlessly repeated phrase, sometimes sung alone when he is working by himself, or by a foreman with his gang as chorus when he is working for the white *baas*.

What, then, of the white man's music in Africa? Such music as there is in this quarter is found in the Union of South Africa. Obviously, concert life, schools of music and orchestras are almost unknown in Kenya, Northern Rhodesia, and even Southern Rhodesia, but the Union has municipal orchestras in Cape Town and Durban; an eighty-five-piece symphony orchestra run by the S.A.B.C. in Johannesburg of comparable ability to the second or third flight of European orchestras; a College of Music attached to Cape Town University, under the able direction of Dr. Erik Chisholm, with such people as Fritz Schuurman, Arnold van Wyk, and Cameron Taylor on the staff; and universities such as Rhodes and Witwatersrand which have Chairs of Music. The standard of music-making and the standard of degrees is naturally somewhat below European standards, but the University of South Africa's performing diplomas are modelled on and comparable with the diplomas of the Royal Schools of Music. Such Anglican Schools as Bishop's at Cape Town, or St. John's College of Johannesburg, have respectively some hundred years, or fifty years or more, of choral tradition.

Jewish Exponents

Although nearly all music in the Union is built upon a fundamentally British framework, its exponents and supporters are predominantly Jewish. I would go so far as to say that left to the English peoples of South Africa, music would soon die. It is one of the great tragedies of the Union that the English-speaking people have devoted their energies so entirely to the making of money. The essentially English qualities of leadership, of participation in local and national affairs, of literary and artistic ability have all been sublimated in business life. It is notable that, of the principal figures in music in the Union today, all except one are either Jewish or immigrants. Only Arnold van Wyk is an Afrikaner—which brings me to the other question of music amongst the Europeans in Africa.

The 'whites' in the Union are divided roughly into English-speaking and Afrikaans-speaking, the Jewish population lining itself up almost completely with the English-speaking section; French, Belgian, and Portuguese likewise. With their chameleon-like ability to adapt themselves to the tradition and life of the country of domicile, the Jews in the Union are British in outlook; that is to say, they go to English-speaking schools, study music in the Union to diploma level, then go off to the Royal College or Guildhall School for three years, and back to the Union to lecture and to teach. In other words, they perpetuate the tradition of studying at the Royal College or Guildhall. Stanford

and Parry are as strongly established in Johannesburg and Durban as in any of the Royal Schools of Music in England or Scotland.

On the other hand, we have the Afrikaner. The Afrikaans are a nation within a nation. They trekked from British rule to be alone, and fought the British when we took a fancy to their land, and trekked farther north and farther north, and fought again, when they were pressed to accept British rule. Today, they find themselves in the towns surrounded and outnumbered by English-speaking people. In the country districts they predominate and have few strangers in their midst, but at long last the Afrikaner is beginning to realise that it is commerce, not agriculture, that runs the country, and commerce is run in the towns.

As the Afrikaner gradually migrates to the towns, there is every possibility that his racial identity will merge into the predominantly English atmosphere, but his leaders are not prepared to let this happen. They realise just how potent is the influence of the English language and way of thought. As a nation within a nation, the frontiers must be language, racial customs and manners and religion, since geographic ones are out of the question. Music plays its part. So-called Afrikaans folk-songs are sedulously cultivated. But the best, such as 'Sarie Marais', are Scottish, and the worst Dutch with a touch of Malay. *Boeremusik* is at an astonishingly low level, and far inferior to the Native's music. What happens, then, to an Afrikaner like van Wyk, with a genuine gift for music and something to say as a composer? He grows up in his narrow world until his musical knowledge and instinct tell him that his own people's music is primitive and not very original. He may go to Holland or to Germany, but nine times out of ten will do what van Wyk did, which was to go to one of the Royal Schools of Music in London, and then return to the Union and write English music to the end of his days. Music, then, for the white man in Africa, is at the worst non-existent as yet, and at the best superficial and imitative. It is not, as yet, indigenous, but I hope and believe that it will be.

Donning the Universal Lounge Suit

I have come to believe that music in a country's life is not an essential and integral part of that life until it has embraced a nationalistic outlook, and that, great though that music may be, it is when that first phase is over and music has become indigenous to a way of life, that real music flows. I am aware in saying this that in the past there have been numerous instances of the first generation of intensely national composers being far greater than the second or third generation, who have—to use Professor Gerald Abraham's metaphor—donned the universal lounge suit in preference to their national dress. I am also aware that nationalism is an expression of the romantic movement—unknown in music before Mozart and Haydn. But before them music was, paradoxically, more international than it has ever been since. After all, there is a similarity between the music of Palestrina, Byrd, and Vittoria that hardly exists between the music of Verdi, Elgar, and Manuel de Falla. The revival of music in England has been marked by the essential 'Englishry' of Elgar, Delius, and Vaughan Williams. In the music of Delius and Vaughan Williams, as in Sibelius' music, folk-song is not just an addition, not just a flavouring, but an integral part of the whole. It is not the concrete or the steel inside it, but a component part of the concrete and steel.

Sibelius has assured us that he has never consciously used a Finnish folk-song—but the very essence of Finnish folk-music, the lingering repetition of one note, is a very part of Sibelius. He has assimilated and digested the music of his countryfolk, and it comes from deep down inside him, into his very musical thought. It is true of Delius and Vaughan Williams that even if they are not actually using a folk-melody they have in their own melodies the substance and spirit of that folk-music.

But all these European composers I have mentioned have been using folk-music conceived by people of their own race and tradition. What of trying to graft one culture on to another whose roots have never known the same earth? What hope of achieving that same 'oneness'?

with an African musical outlook and inventiveness wedded to European means of expression? If it had not been for Bartók, the answer would in all probability have been that there is no hope. But Bartók showed us how it could be done with Magyar music—and Magyar music has its roots in the East rather than in the West. Both the language of Hungary and its musical scales stem more nearly from Turkey and Asia than from any other source—yet the music of Bartók is essentially European music.

At present the Afrikaner who is consciously an Afrikaner rather than a South African is not very interested in the Bantu. Yet the Afrikaner is more consciously part of Africa than is the English-speaking South African, who tends to have hankerings after 'home' and is full of nostalgic feelings for the mother country. The Afrikaner has no such feelings for Holland, and regards Africa as his home. The English South African is, however, at long last beginning to identify himself with Africa, although not, as yet, in art. No English-speaking South African writes poetry about Africa as an Afrikaans poet does. At the present moment, generally speaking, the greatest musical ability

lies on the English side, but here too the English-speaking musician has not as great a feeling for the country as the Afrikaner has.

In literature, Africa is better off, for it has Alan Paton—and if ever a book embodies, in terms of Africa, that continent's poetry and drama, it is *Cry the Beloved Country*.

I am confident that ultimately a Bartók will arise in Africa. He may be white; he may well be black; and when he comes, he will, I am sure, regard this problem very differently from the way I do, as an outsider looking in. He will have to have grown up with an African, Afrikaans, and English South African background, and must have received the bulk of his musical education in Africa—not at one of the London schools or in Holland. He cannot possibly be, as I see it, exclusively influenced by one or even two of these groups but by all three. The present Government's policy of *apartheid*, or segregation, will militate against the arrival of a great musician who is African in every sense of the word. My ideal for Africa is a truly African music with all the best of our European musical culture, as African as Bartók's music is Hungarian—and yet, as international.

—From a talk in the Third Programme

Giving a Dog a Bad Name

GEORGE HOMANS on sociology in Britain

IT feels clear to me that sociology has a bad name in Britain, but just what sort of a bad name and why is not so obvious. At least my friends in Cambridge are apt to say to me: 'You used to be a historian. What did you get into *that* for?' But when I ask: 'Why, what's the matter with sociology?' the replies tend to trail off: 'Well, you know, old boy, it isn't quite . . . Well . . .'; and heads shake. One feels the lack of a phrase, at once comprehensive and precise, like the one sometimes overheard at American cocktail parties: 'She isn't quite our class, dear'.

Inarticulate Reasons for Articulate Attitudes

But it is one of the duties of a sociologist to find the inarticulate reasons for articulate attitudes, and accordingly I have tried in Britain to discover the bases for the attitude towards sociology. I cannot tell how far my researches have been conclusive. Nor, since it is the further duty of a sociologist to analyse human behaviour without evaluating it, shall I try to judge whether a look at sociology justifies the attitudes of the British, or the attitudes of the British justify a look at sociology.

Sociology has a bad name because it has a bad name. The word is a barbarous mixture of Latin and Greek roots, intolerable in a society where a classical education is the mark of a gentleman. That, I suppose, is why the temporary chair I hold at Cambridge is not called the Professorship of Sociology but that of Social Theory, for verbal miscegenation occurs only when two roots actually become one word. But this is only one way in which sociology sadly lacks style. If a gentleman's education is classical, his prose must be English. Yet some of the most eminent sociologists write sentences that take fifteen minutes to pass any given point, pregnant with undeliverable meaning, bulging with a jargon by Harvard out of Heidelberg, delightful in a German because it confirms one's opinion of him, but unnerving in an American, some of whose words appear to be in one's own language. How are Englishmen to be attracted to sociology if its current literature is not even in German? But how is its literature to become English if Englishmen are not attracted to it? All that a sociologist can say is that these self-reinforcing circular processes are common, and provide whatever stability a social order possesses. Thus, drain pipes remain on the outside of British houses so that they can easily be got at if they freeze.

To explain the next reason for the British attitude to sociology I must go back a little, for the question 'What did you get into *that* for?' is only the second I am asked. The first is: 'What is sociology (not that I really want to know)?' Sociology, in my view, is the study of what happens when two or more creatures are in a position to

influence one another. And induction from observation suggests that Britons object to sociology—indeed, for them sociology *is* sociology—only if the creatures in question are alive, human, and British. I insist on all three criteria. For the British are enthusiastic students of the social behaviour of dead Britons. How, otherwise, account for the popularity of Professor Trevelyan's great book? But that is social history—not sociology. Again, the study of the customs of native tribes flourishes in Britain as it does in no other country. It is held to be useful for the administration of the Commonwealth, so long as all is going well there. Note that, as an academic subject, it was first introduced at Oxford and Cambridge, where it remains respectable in spite of its adoption by London and 'redbrick'. Its body of theory is indistinguishable from that of sociology. Indeed, its practitioners say that they *are* sociologists. That is, they say so to one another. But since it deals with alive non-British, it dare not in fact *be* sociology. It is social anthropology, and it is O.K.

My final and crucial test is that of the non-human Britons: the bird and the dog. Shamelessly, the British observe their social behaviour, not only in the field but in the home. What country has more bird-watchers per square mile? Where was Lorenz a best-seller? And now there is David Lack's admirable and popular Penguin, *The Life of the Robin*, a study made by methods regularly used by sociologists: the direct observation of social behaviour followed by statistical analysis of the data. I am told that his work earned him a Fellowship of the Royal Society: Note: a scientific academy. But this is not sociology: it is the branch of zoology called ethology, and it is decidedly O.K.

The Creatures Who Can Talk Back

Faced with these facts, elementary scientific method suggests that one should ask what characteristics the medieval villein, the native, and the robin possess in common. I have been able to discover only one: they cannot read sociology, or, what amounts to the same thing, they cannot talk back—or not much. Only the study of the social behaviour of creatures who can talk back—who are, that is, alive, human, and conceivably British—is sociology and vaguely disapproved. Why should this criterion—talking back—be so decisive? One explanation, itself sociological, is the Don't Give the Show Away theory. It runs as follows. Any society rests on a set of unstated assumptions, British society more than most: that is, indeed, its strength. The examination of these assumptions and their statement to people who can read will, therefore, tend to undermine the social order, that of Britain, in the nature of the case, more than the rest. Subconsciously the British recognise this, for their intuitive sociology is so far advanced that they need no other, and therefore they must disapprove of sociology

as a science, but disapprove vaguely, for to make the reasons explicit would itself give the show away. Or, better, let the serious discussion of British sociology escape in one of the characteristic British safety-valves, like the pages of *Encounter*, the Hyde Park of the intellectual world.

The Don't Give the Show Away theory itself makes an assumption about the British, that they are at once highly suspicious of explicit verbal statements and highly vulnerable to them: suspicious *because* they are vulnerable, Freud would have said. Unfortunately this theory, which will account for many of the facts, will not account for all of them, and so I must reluctantly reject it. For take the British Constitution, an unwritten constitution more written about than any other. Has it been undermined by having its hidden principles brought to light? Not if I can believe Professor Devons' recent discussion of political myth.* No, if the British want to preserve their social order they will do well to let the sociologists study it, like the anthropologist friend of mine to whom the natives finally came and said: 'You know our customs. Tell us whom we are allowed to marry'.

There is a better theory to account for the objection to sociology as the study of people who can talk back. Sociologists themselves are seen as people who try to get others to discuss their families, their neighbours, their jobs, even themselves. They are rightly so seen, for if these things are denied them, they have little subject-matter left. But their behaviour makes them busy-bodies, violating two principles of the British Constitution: an Englishman's home, and *a fortiori* his job, is his castle; and, a gentleman never talks about himself. It makes no difference that sociologists, apparently unprincipled in other respects, do have their code: that what is told them shall be held confidential so long as it can embarrass identifiable individuals. Nor does it make any difference that a sociologist cannot get people to talk about these things unless they want to. They should not want to; and a sociologist who asks them to do so incurs the sin of leading others into temptation. Not only should not Britons talk about these things, but apparently they just do not. Englishmen have proudly and confidently said to me: 'You can get Americans to answer questions like that, but never an Englishman, and that's why there can be no sociology in Britain'.

Evidence for 'Delighted Abandon'

Unfortunately all the evidence, and it has been accumulating rapidly in recent years, is that the ordinary Englishman will talk to the sociologist with just as much delighted abandon as will the most extrovert American. The members of what has been called the Establishment—and it is they that hold most of the attitudes I have described—must become reconciled to the fact that the British working class, middle class—how far up dare I go?—are more like Americans than they have any right to be.

Above all, it makes no difference that the things sociologists study seem to be important, and even interesting, to Britons. If I read your press right, you are much interested in industrial production, juvenile delinquency, the new housing in the new towns, and the problems of the elderly in an ageing society. Young Englishmen have even said to me: 'We of this generation are anxious about social class as the generation of the 'twenties was anxious about sex'. The trouble with sociologists is that they will not be satisfied with impressions on these questions and others, or even with statistics, dear as these are to their hearts. They will go out and talk, face to face, with the people concerned, in a systematic and plonking way. Don't they know that serious subjects should be treated lightly?

At a wholly different moral level is the objection to the very goal that sociology shares with the other social sciences—the discovery of natural laws, as distinguished from moral laws, of human behaviour. This objection tends to come from deeply religious men. Far from laughing at the pretensions of sociology to be a science at all, they take them more seriously than most sociologists do themselves. For their objection implies a fear that there may indeed be such laws, and that some men might apply them to control the behaviour of others. But to control their behaviour, even for their own good, would be to cheat them of their birthright. Was not man created 'sufficient to have stood, but free to fall'? And if he is not left free to fall, where is his humanity?

Success in the sociologists' aim might lead, in T. S. Eliot's phrase, to 'systems so perfect that no one would need to be good'. This view forgets that men long ago committed themselves to the endeavour to control their own collective behaviour, not only in the ways sanctioned by the churches but in others, by making it to men's interest to do

good. And they have increasingly based this endeavour on an understanding of natural laws of human behaviour, those of economics, for example. So that the question is not: Shall this kind of control be undertaken? but: Where shall it stop? A sociologist might also argue that his religious critics have more faith in him than in their own doctrine, the doctrine that man is infinitely tough and resourceful and is not easily cheated of his freedom to sin. What God has given no man can take away, certainly no sociologist. More seriously, he might argue that the social sciences are not in train to eliminate morality but to make greater demands of it. A sociology that shows us unsuspected, or not hitherto understood, ways in which men are bound up with one another, invites more refined answers to the question: Am I my brother's keeper?

'At Great Pains to Find the Object in Plain Sight'

Then, again, one hears it said that sociology not only ventures on subjects better left alone, but we know all about these subjects anyhow. I am far from holding that the British objections to sociology do not exist in the United States, and it was an American novelist who defined a sociologist as someone who spent \$40,000 to find a brothel. This view, that a sociologist is at great pains to find the object in plain sight, takes a special form in academic circles. When the question of founding the department to which I now belong came up in a meeting of the faculty of Harvard University, we proposed to call it the Department of Human Relations. At once there were protests, from the economists, the political scientists, the psychologists, the historians, and the philosophers. Human relations were what *they* studied. Only because a clearly second-best word was available did we manage to avoid disaster and get founded under the title of Social Relations. We might be social, so long as they were human.

If sociology is as I have defined it, it is clear that many other academic subjects are already in the field. Why, then, people argue, should this upstart be allowed in, especially an upstart who claims the whole field as his own and—still worse—who claims to be a science? Have not history and philosophy got on very well without being sciences? The only trouble with this objection is that it is bound to be swept aside by the majestic course of British social history. The different social studies can have only one possible intellectual goal—a general theory of social behaviour. They are engaged in a race for this pole, except perhaps for history, which has come along to admire the stupendous scenery. And it is in the geometry of polar exploration that the territories covered by the expeditions become more alike the closer they get to the goal. But they may well start from different bases and use different techniques. One feature of the British weakness for the exploration game, as for other games, is that they have never been willing for long to keep anyone out who wanted to play. And if players have long since been allowed to meet gentlemen at cricket, it is only a question of time before sociologists meet them in the academic arena.

Left Hand and Right Hand

But will sociologists use the same entrance to the club-house? In spite of all objections, a great and increasing amount of sociology is being done in Britain. But it tends to be done in research institutions, not as part of a regular university programme; or, if in universities, then in London and the provinces, not in Oxford or Cambridge; or, if in Oxford and Cambridge, not under the name of sociology. There is a Professorship of Race Relations at Oxford and one of Industrial Relations at Cambridge, possibly on the theory that if one accepts part of a subject one escapes the rest, plus the name of the whole. That is, the British will do sociology, but will withhold, in a carefully graded fashion, like negative knighthoods, recognition that they are doing it. As the British Commonwealth grew great on the principle, at once moral and practical, 'let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth', this may do no harm, except to the sociologists themselves, for it is a Lucky Jim that does not need to be loved. Some sociologists say that every attitude has its function in maintaining society. If this is the case, the function of the British objection to sociology is to produce sociologists who can be objected to. But that brings us back to the drain pipes.—*Third Programme*

A recent contribution to the series entitled 'Writers and their Work' published for the British Council and National Book League by Longmans is *John Ruskin*, by Peter Quennell (price 2s.)

* 'The Role of the Myth in Politics', printed in *THE LISTENER* of June 21

NEWS DIARY

August 8-14

Wednesday, August 8

The Prime Minister broadcasts on the Suez situation (see page 221)

President Eisenhower says that if at any time he considers himself not well enough to continue in office, he will tell the American people

270 miners are trapped in pit disaster near Charleroi, Belgium

Thursday, August 9

Russia agrees to attend London conference on Suez, but proposes that twenty-two more countries should be invited and that conference should be postponed until the end of the month

President Nasser orders formation of an Egyptian Liberation Army

Three terrorists are executed in Cyprus

Sir Wilfrid Neden, Chief Industrial Commissioner at Ministry of Labour, has separate meetings with representatives of both sides concerned in British Motor Corporation dispute

Friday, August 10

Strike at British Motor Corporation factories ends

Proposals for future of Suez Canal are circulated to countries attending conference

Britain wins main team-jumping event, the Aga Khan trophy, at Dublin Horse Show

Saturday, August 11

British Government replies to Soviet statement about London conference on Suez

Greece refuses invitation to conference

Britain protests to Egypt against expulsion of two British oil company employees

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh begin week's cruise of the Western Isles

Sunday, August 12

President Nasser announces that Egypt will not attend London conference on Suez, and proposes a larger conference to which all countries using the Canal would be invited

Airlift of British troops to Mediterranean begins

Death of Dr. H. E. Wynn, Bishop of Ely

Monday, August 13

Labour Party's 'shadow cabinet' decides to urge Government to recall Parliament immediately after London conference on Suez

Work is resumed at all British Motor Corporation factories

U.S. Democratic Party's National Convention opens in Chicago

Tuesday, August 14

Prime Minister sees Leader of Opposition and afterwards presides over Cabinet meeting

A new system of joint consultation is agreed upon for British Railways

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd broadcasts about coming London Conference on Suez Canal (see page 219)



Men of the Duke of Wellington's regiment boarding an aircraft at Blackbushe airport, Hampshire, last Sunday when the airlift of troops to the Mediterranean began. Other troops, who flew from Hurn airport, travelled in three Bristol Britannias which were making their first flights as passenger airliners, each carrying 100 men



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, who are touring the Western Isles, visited Iona last Sunday. Her Majesty is seen, followed by the Duke and Princess Margaret, on her way back to the royal yacht after attending a service in the restored thirteenth-century abbey. Gales and torrential rain disrupted the programme on the second day of the royal tour, when the Queen and the Duke visited Oban and the Isle of Mull

Right: fourteenth-century Ross Castle and lower Killarney lake which are included in the 8,000 acres of the Kenmare estate, Co. Kerry, bought by Mr. J. Stuart Robinson, an American financier, from the trustees of the late Earl of Kenmare. The new owner says that the estate will still be open to tourists



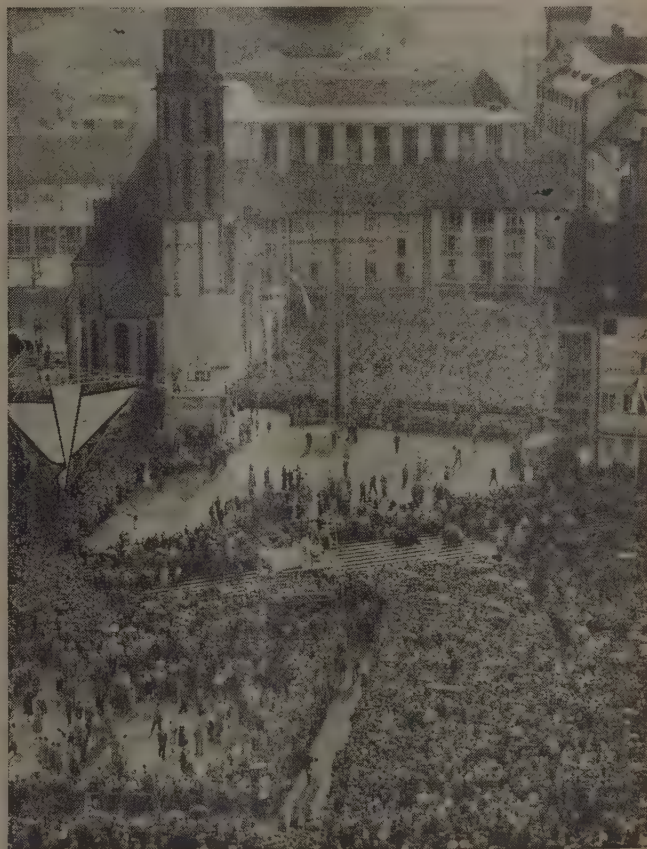
aking at a press conference in Cairo on August 12 when it's rejection of the invitation to the international conference on Suez, due to open in London today



Relatives waiting at the pithead of the Marcinelle coalmine, near Charleroi, Belgium, last weekend, for news of 250 men trapped underground by fire owing to an accident in the mine on August 8. Early this week rescue workers, continuing their efforts to reach the trapped miners, recovered many bodies. Monday was declared a day of national mourning in Belgium



Folk, which has been acquired by the National Trust. The house (begun by the 1st Duke of Devonshire about 1794 and completed about 1830) consists of an elliptical rotunda, six octagonal panels, connected by two curving corridors to flanking wings. The contents include a collection of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century silver. It is intended to open the house and gardens to visitors later



The scene in the Römerburg, Frankfurt, during the opening service on August 8 of the four-day German Evangelical Church Congress. The sermon was delivered by Pastor Niemöller. Many thousands of people from east Germany attended

Letters to Beginners—III

Letter to a Young Architect

By RICHARD LLEWELYN DAVIES

DEAR A.,

The issues which face you are very different from, and perhaps much harder to resolve than, those which I and my contemporaries faced when we were young architects sixteen years ago. For us, the choice was black and white; were we for modern architecture or against it? Most of those who taught us, and a few of my fellow students, were against it. For them, design was principally a matter of elegant planning, and the application of watered-down Georgian forms. For the rest of us, once we had made our choice and decided to follow the path to modern design, there was so much to learn that we hardly had time to speculate. We had to catch up with the fundamental knowledge which we believed architects should have. We had to learn about modern structure and materials and to grapple with sociology and economics. We felt that if only we could know enough about how buildings were used and how they were built, fresh, spontaneous inspiration would come to us; as it clearly was coming to our master, Le Corbusier.

Your situation is very different. The battle for modern architecture has been nearly, if not completely, won. You will be free to design without having to use the vocabulary of past styles. Your problem is to consider several conflicting approaches to design which have developed within the modern movement itself.

Before discussing one or two of these rival philosophies, let me try to establish what is common ground, for both of us, in debating these matters. First, we can dispose of the vulgar fallacy that the quality of architecture depends on the amount of money available for the building. Disappointed men will tell you that really great design is impossible today because most of our buildings are built within such tight budgets. Don't you believe it. It is no more true today than it was when Inigo Jones was told to design St. Paul's, Covent Garden, for the cost of a barn. He said he would make it the Handsomest Barn in England, and he did.

You will also be told that great architecture can only be the work of a single, individual designer and that the conditions of modern practice, which often involve teamwork and collaboration, therefore prevent good work. This is untrue; but so is the opposite view that good architecture today can come only from the work of a team. These questions were fiercely debated when I was young, but we now know that creative design is possible either way. Look, on the one hand, at the achievement of the housing team at the London County Council. On the other side, consider the breadth and sweep of the contribution to architecture made by one highly individual man—Mies van der Rohe.

I think we can also agree that design does not flow automatically from technical knowledge, understanding of modern materials, or study of function. All these things are necessary, they are the essential foundations of good design, but they do not do the job for you. Le Corbusier knew this; in *Towards a New Architecture*, a book which profoundly influenced my generation of architects, he wrote:

'My house is practical. I thank you, as I might thank railway

engineers or the telephone service. You haven't touched my heart. But suppose that walls rise towards heaven in such a way that I am moved. I perceive your intentions. Your mood has been gentle, brutal, charming, or noble. The stones you have erected tell me so. You fix me to the place and my eyes regard it. They behold something which expresses a thought . . . the mathematical creation of your mind. By the use of inert materials and starting from conditions more or less utilitarian, you have established certain relationships which have aroused my emotions. This is Architecture'.

If you accept that technical and scientific knowledge is not in itself enough, you must also reject the opposite fallacy; that the mass of scientific knowledge needed to design a building today is so great as to stifle creative imagination, and that you should beware of knowing too much for fear of being reduced to impotence as a designer. The mass of knowledge is not really a boggy which you need to fear. Don't forget that you will not need a lot of knowledge which architects needed a hundred years ago, that what was laborious and difficult to understand a few years ago is often codified, and reduced to a rule of thumb or a reference table today. Architecture is a social and practical art. It would be fatal for us to recoil from the developing edge of knowledge. Engineering and the physical and social sciences impinge on our subject and if we fail to keep pace with their progress we shall go under, and deserve to do so.

So far, I have been putting to you views which I think would be shared by a good many architects, both in your generation and in mine. Beyond this point, we come into a much more controversial field. You will have noticed considerable and important differences in the character of recent architecture in this country; and these reflect genuine and deep differences in attitude between their architects. Three well-known groups of buildings illustrate this point: the Hertfordshire schools designed by a group of architects working under C. H. Aslin, the housing scheme and school at Paddington by Denys Lasdun, and Powell and Moya's housing at Pimlico.

The Hertfordshire schools represent an austere, puritan approach to design. They reflect faithfully a deep imaginative understanding of the life of the school and a thorough grasp of the problems of prefabrication. The team of architects who designed them kept the element of personal design to a minimum, and as a result these schools have a flavour, a freshness, and an engaging simplicity which is unique. They are criticised by architects with a different point of view as being formless, untidy, and making little impact as a whole, although each individual corner is attractive in itself. The architectural philosophy which they reflect is that the architect's task is to accept and understand the needs of the building and the techniques of construction and express them in the simplest, most direct, and most modest manner possible. Anything personal, whimsical, or consciously charming is rigorously excluded and the architect hardly permits himself to impose any formal unity, unless justification for it can be found in terms of function or construction. It is worth noting that this architecture was the work of a team rather than an individual.



House designed by the Finnish architect, Alvar Aalto: view of the entrance and patio

By courtesy of 'L'Architecture d'Aujourd'hui'

The Paddington buildings represent the opposite extreme. Here the architect has permitted himself full freedom to shape the building into forms and patterns of his own choice. He has met the functional and constructional needs, but the shape and appearance of the buildings do not derive, in any direct manner, from them. The school building swings round in a curve: the balconies of the flats have been arranged to give a strong pattern which masks the arrangement of the rooms behind and conceals the structure. These Paddington buildings are impressive. They reflect a philosophy in which the architect has the right and the duty to impose forms which he feels to be appropriate.

But two distinct criticisms are levelled against them. The first is that it is wrong in principle for the architect to approach design in such a wilful and personal manner, that this can only lead to a failure to meet the needs of those who use the building, and a failure to make logical use of structure and materials. Others who are prepared to accept the principles underlying the Paddington designs nevertheless criticise the forms themselves (much as you would criticise a painting or piece of sculpture).

Perhaps these two lines of criticism are not quite so separate as they appear. They can be put together if we say that in really successful architecture the formal concept carries right through the building and somehow sweeps the functional requirement along with it in a harmonious way. If it fails to do this, if behind an arbitrary form you are conscious of some cramped and contradictory elements, then the design does not come off.

As designs, the Pimlico flats occupy a position midway between the two extremes I have described. The latest buildings in this group are blocks of flats eleven storeys high. In contrast to the Hertfordshire schools, they are orderly and controlled; in contrast to Paddington, they are simple and direct. The architects have taken the functional and technical data for the building as a starting point, but have permitted themselves a good deal of freedom in organising it into architectural form. The shape of the blocks, the pattern of the windows and the proportions seem to have been considered in the abstract, as well as in relation to what goes on in the building and to its construction. At the same time there is a certain strictness of feeling; the bones of the building and the shape of the flats it contains come through, they connect with, and partly control, the formal pattern.

Here, then, are three different answers to the question: How should the architect go about organising the raw materials of his work into a creative whole? This, I believe, is the most important—the most central—question you face.

There are other questions: debates are in progress on most of them, and sometimes the shouting is loudest where the fighting is thinnest. As a rule, however, I find myself on your side, on the side of the younger generation, particularly when you reject some of the *idées reçues* of modern design. For instance, you have discovered that you need not depend for inspiration on the use of new materials such as plastics and light alloy, nor on structural gimmicks like the space frame. I agree with you. You can achieve exciting and absolutely contemporary design just as well with brick walls and slate roofs. The recent work of Alvar Aalto in Finland is proof of this. His own country house, and the village centre he has designed at Säynätsälo, are two of the most interesting and important buildings of recent years. Aalto uses traditional materials, brickwork and timber, much as they have been used for centuries, and his buildings are in real harmony with the lives of the people who use them. At the same time, his work always has sharpness and bite, it never degenerates into sentimentality, whimsy, or charm.

Looking, with open eyes, at the work of *real* architects, of whom Aalto is one, can help you to find your own position and to sort out the genuine from the bogus in contemporary design. We had to construct modern architecture from almost nothing—you inherit a whole range of forms and methods of expression which it is only too easy to use in a facile manner. A good deal of modern work, which at first sight appears interesting, is shallow and empty when you look closely.

Rejection of what is poor and weak in modern architecture is, however, not enough. You will have to make a positive choice. Every time you design anything you are in fact taking up a position, taking one line or another, on the central problems of architecture. The position you take can only be a personal choice, which you must make for yourself. All I can say to you is, in Cromwell's words: 'Make some conscience of what you do'. Your work must flow from your own convictions and instincts, not from the desire to please, nor from the desire to shock. In following your path you must be willing to face as opponents not only the Philistines but your own friends, not only older generations but also your own.—*Home Service*

Some Horrors of Childhood—V

Fear of the Dark

By MARGERY FRY

COMPARED with many children I do not think I was much shadowed by fear. We were a large Quaker family, our parents were equable and just, and we children were not distressed by any of those tensions and frictions which are so disastrous to the happiness of the young. Our mother had a very sympathetic way with young children. Though, like all grown-ups, she occasionally guessed wrong, on the whole she entered with much understanding into the fears as well as the pleasures of little children. This eased the burden of acknowledged terrors.

Thus it was known that I could not bear The Volunteers. These worthy men, Victorian forerunners of the Territorials, would have been surprised, as they paraded in conscious patriotism after the day's work, to know what fervent prayers were rising to heaven that they would not take their way within drum-sound of our house in Highgate—the Grove. Happily the nursery door was left ajar, and there was usually someone within screaming distance who would administer comfort till they had gone. My younger sister was luckier in her musical bogey, the Funny Man who played four or five instruments with head, hands, elbows and feet. At least his visits were scarce and happened in daylight. The German band who came every Thursday (were they really Germans, I wonder?), though they melted the heart within one by inducing an inverted nostalgia of the times when we should be grown-up, and scattered, or dead, were not a real menace. They stood pat and did not well from a throb like the blood in your ears to a tom-tom cacophony of horror. But even The Volunteers did not come every day of the week, and my unacknowledged dread had to be faced nightly and alone. I have said that my mother was an understanding person; she spread

security around her, but even she could not know what dangers arose in her absence. We were with her a good deal, as things went then, in the daytime, and at six every evening our frocks were changed and we spent an hour with her and our father, if he was in, downstairs. All that was pleasant and safe—it was the going upstairs which was full of danger. Our house was an old one, with two staircases up to the first floor, the 'backstairs' only continuing to the nursery regions. I rather think that the front stairs must have been newly carpeted in my toddling days; at any rate, to protect them from the wear and tear of eight pairs of young feet we at the bottom of the family were expected to use the back staircase, covered with linoleum—I can recall its colours, almost its pattern, now. Little crooked flights went down towards the kitchen and up again and then the main flight began. But on the right yawned the black depths of a passage to the garden door, never lit, and absolutely full of burglars. Every winter evening I had to face that awful feeling of hollow in the middle of you, which most of us had to undergo again in the war years, the sinking sense of pure funk.

My knowledge of the ways of burglars had come to me early, whilst I was still at the crawling stage. I have some pleasant memories of that time. One could crouch comfortably by the cat. She seemed to me not only older and wiser and more important than I was, but gravely kind and condescending. Then there were excursions into the realm under the nursery table. One day I discovered there a little ledge of wood covered deeply in a beautiful grey dust, like velvet to the fingers. And there was the lovely smell of the gas-ring, which meant summer and no nursery fire. But when a sewing bee was in session it was more interesting to creep about at the feet of the elders.

Occasionally a Mrs. Edwards came to sew. She was an unhappy woman, a great and sensational talker. She introduced us to an entirely different world. When I was a little older I was horrified (I am now!) to learn from her that the almost mythical baroness—Baroness Burdett Coutts, to be exact—whose gardens were a mystery territory bordering our walks, visited only at occasional flower shows, wore a cloak trimmed with a double row of robins' heads and breasts. I also learnt, at an incredibly early age, that husbands came home drunk and beat their wives: Mr. Edwards, always referred to as 'he', cannot have been a really nice man. And one day, when I was crawling round among the pins and tacking threads on the floor, I heard the awful history of the man who came into his room to find a burglar upright on the window sill who immediately let fire a fatal shot. Now you know why the back passage was so dreadful, and had to be passed by at a terrified scuttle.

When the burglars had ceased to torment me (though I confess to having looked under the bed for them long after childhood) and when fears of The Volunteers were assuaged (I do not remember how), no specific terrors of darkness tormented me for a long while. I suppose in all of us the atavistic memory of things that leap out of the formless blackness of night forests persists vaguely all our lives. My comparative immunity I attribute largely to the fact that we were protected—modern people would say over-protected—in reading and listening. Neither horrors nor sentimentality were allowed, neither 'Jack the Giant Killer' nor *Little Women* entered our sheltered nursery and schoolroom. This coddling may have been overdone, but I still cannot bear the sight of little children drinking in knowledge of violence and cruelty from the moving screen.

It was not, I think, till my teens that ghost stories began to worry me. You went up to bed, in those pre-electric-light days, carrying a dim candle. As you put it down on the dressing table, what sinister figure from another world would you see in the mirror looking over your shoulder? At home it was bad enough; in a strange room it could be awful. One of my uncles rented the keep of a medieval fortress as a dwelling. The visitors' room lay far from others along interminable corridors. One night, as I undressed, a dreadful *where-where* sound of laboured breathing began. Breathless myself, I tracked it to the bed. No one lay there, yet the sound persisted. Desperate courage found the solution. The steam was escaping from a half-screwed hot-water bottle.

But this was later in my youth. Between ghosts and burglars another, and quite a rational, terror intervened. I do not suppose that any of you listening to me have ever been afraid of a 'Fenian'. Hardly one in a hundred will know what a Fenian was. Yet in my childhood in the eighteen-seventies and 'eighties they loomed large enough for a verse in one of our best-loved nursery classics to run:

And if our great Lord Chancellor
Would just one Fenian eat
I think policeman might walk out
More safely in the street

—a remark which delighted me by its cynical attitude with regard to two unloved groups, for I was not without a certain fear of policemen as well.

Fenians, then, must be explained, for they belong to that blind spot existing for each generation, just too early for common memory and just too late for common knowledge derived from history books. They were members of a secret society upholding the movement for Irish independence and they had an uncomfortable way of leaving about in public places time-bombs, usually referred to then as 'infernal machines'. Their outrages were not very numerous, and I suppose the chances were many millions to one against one particular child being involved. But fear has an arithmetic of its own, and there must have been other eight-year-olds besides me who went about expecting the fatal bang. Actually it was not till long after that I learnt that my elders were not entirely free from anxiety on this score. All we knew was a rather unexpected visit to the seaside with our nurse, which turned out less delightful than it sounded. True, we had bloater paste and greengages in abundance, but our lodgings were gloomy. One of the elder children lost a much prized watch, and someone contrived to drop the bottom half of one of the voluminous, all-covering serge bathing suits which were then necessary for the modesty of even the smallest children, and so, rather to our horror, the youngest bathed in nothing more than a floating coat.

Long afterwards I learned that we had been exiled from home to give place to a group of detectives accompanying, on a visit to our house, the judge who was presiding over the assizes, and against whom the Fenians had a particular grudge for past sentences. I think a country house was considered safer than the judges' lodgings. So my terrors were not so irrational after all.

This is all extremely small beer, but the story of children's terrors as a whole is no trivial one. Children nowadays with electric switches under their fingers need not fear the dark. But worse menaces are about today. Where we expected Fenians and their 'infernal machines', modern children dread spacemen and atomic bombs. The fact that they are not mentioned does not mean that these terrors do not exist. A few years ago one of our picture papers had photographs (taken by infra-red rays so that children saw no flash and did not know that they were being observed) of the audience at a Saturday morning film show. Anyone who has seen the gestures, not of faces only but of the whole bodies, of these little creatures can ever believe that they were not terror-struck.

Some people argue that children enjoy being frightened, and anyhow it does them no harm. I do not believe it. One great problem of education in its widest sense is how to produce balanced personalities, capable of meeting without undue disturbance the contingencies, the dangers of life. For this, people need to grow in a feeling of security. All children will be frightened of something—that is the moral of all these nursery reminiscences—but I believe that their terrors should be kept to the fewest possible, rather than stimulated by commercial ghoulishness.

—Home Service

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Aspects of Africa

Sir,—In his broadcast (THE LISTENER, August 2) Professor Samuel Pauw gave a fair outline of events in South Africa, but from the Afrikaner point of view.

He avoids two matters which are the main issues at present before the Union of South Africa: first, the determination of the extremist Afrikaners to bring about a Republican form of government, against the wishes of the English-speaking people, approximately 40 per cent, of the white population of the Union. The 10,000,000 or so non-whites have no say in this matter; yet it is a reasonable assumption to assert that they wish to retain their connection with the Crown.

Secondly, the Nationalist Government place the non-European, whatever his educational and cultural attainments may be, in a position

of inferiority, and intend to keep him in that position. Yet inferiority is the basis of Professor Pauw's complaint about the position of the Afrikaner in the past. Actually, I submit, they never were in an inferior position except perhaps, and then only nominally, from May 3, 1902 until the grant of self-government to the Transvaal and the Orange River (Free State) colonies in 1906. Professor Pauw's discourse is essentially *ex parte*.

Hawkhurst

Yours, etc.,

ARTHUR A. WOOD

Lord Haldane

Sir,—The interesting centenary tribute to Lord Haldane by Mr. A. P. Ryan (THE LISTENER, August 2) strangely enough, omits to mention the role which 'the greatest Secretary for War' played, or intended to play, in 1912

when he assiduously tried to come to a naval agreement with the Kaiser. It was a historic role that was assigned to him, though for reasons over which Haldane had no control it led to nothing. Wilhelm II himself devotes to 'the Episode Haldane' several pages in his memoirs *Ereignisse und Gestalten*, giving a rather objective record of the events.

It may be recalled that two private persons without any diplomatic status, with the blessing of their respective sovereigns, had carefully and skilfully prepared the ground for negotiations between a British Minister and the Kaiser on such an agreement; the two negotiators were: Sir Ernest Cassel on the British, and Albert Ballin (the director-general of Hapag and an intimate friend of the Kaiser's) on the German side. After Sir Ernest had been received in private audience at the Berlin Schloss on

January 29, 1912, where top-level negotiations were agreed upon, it was generally presumed that the British Government would entrust the first Lord, who then was Mr. Winston Churchill, with the mission; but to the Kaiser's great surprise it was Lord Haldane who arrived. Admiral von Tirpitz, trying to smooth the explosive temperament of the Kaiser, stressed that Lord Haldane was 'a scholar of Goethe and German philosophy' and spoke German fluently; furthermore, that he, Haldane, had studied German military organisation in Berlin under Kriegsminister von Einem (in 1906) so that the British Government obviously intended to pay a compliment to the Kaiser by sending such a 'pro-German' personality instead of Mr. Churchill of whom (at that time) the Germans knew but little.

The Kaiser's interpretation as expounded in his memoir was a different one: 'Sir Edward Grey and Asquith grudged Winston Churchill the triumph [of coming to an agreement with Germany on the naval question]. Grey wanted to appear only at the end of the negotiations and—as Ballin writes—to get his dinner from the Emperor and to come in for his part of festivities and fireworks'. As it was decided that Churchill should on no account snatch the chance away, a person had to be chosen who, enjoying Grey's confidence, was prepared to lead the negotiations up to the point where the fireworks would start—and that, according to the Kaiser, was Haldane.

Lord Haldane was officially treated as an Imperial Guest in Berlin. However, the Kaiser does not mention the episode which Walther Rathenau narrates: When Haldane was introduced to the Kaiser, he mentioned, obviously in order to create a pleasant atmosphere from the beginning, that in the early morning hours he visited the graves of Hegel and Fichte and laid a wreath on the resting-places of these great German philosophers; whereupon the Kaiser, tactlessly as ever, replied: 'In my Reich, there is no room for such scribes as Hegel and Fichte!'

May I add one more word? If Campbell-Kennerman called Lord Haldane by the nickname of Schopenhauer, surely he did so because Haldane had translated, in 1886, Schopenhauer's *Zeit als Wille und Vorstellung* into English.

Yours, etc.,

Berlin

OTTO ZAREK

Sir,—What a worthy tribute was paid to the memory of Lord Haldane by Mr. A. P. Ryan, on the occasion of the centenary of the birth of the great statesman, as recorded in THE LISTENER of August 2.

Mr. Ryan was not correct, however, in his reference to the good fairies who had been so beral to Lord Haldane with physical and mental gifts at his christening. Lord Haldane was never christened. His father was a convinced baptist, and says Lord Haldane in his autobiography (page 21): '... none of us children had been baptised in infancy'. He was baptised by immersion at a later age in life.

Yours, etc.,

Carmarthen

T. J. EVANS

First Novel'

Sir,—As a comparatively 'new boy' in television, but with some experience in 'sound' documentary, I would be grateful if you would allow me to take up a few points with your television critic. In his very fair review of my first television documentary 'First Novel', he wished that I had 'gone a bit deeper, and, particularly... given us a real documentary and not a dramatised counterfeit'.

Putting aside for the moment the fact that

my present brief in television is to write 'dramatised documentary' as distinct from what in sound radio we call 'actuality', i.e., programmes using 'real' people, may I ask why the dramatic presentation of a documentary subject is necessarily 'counterfeit'? This question crops up repeatedly when critics review this kind of programme: I think the antithesis they raise is a false one.

Surely the nub of the matter is that some subjects lend themselves to dramatisation, e.g., my colleague Mr. Gil Calder's 'Quiet Revolution' and, I submit, my own programme on a young novelist, while others, such as 'Buried Treasure' and 'Up to Date' are more convincing when the story is told by the actual people (in this case archaeologists) concerned in it.

To get actors to impersonate Sir Mortimer and Lady Wheeler, and Miss Kenyon, and make them act out a scene in a studio set, would be phoney. Naturally we prefer to see and hear the 'real people'. But in the case of 'Quiet Revolution', for instance, which dealt with the struggles of an Anglican priest to make the Church's message real among the indifferent or hostile members of an industrial community, Mr. Colin Morris, who wrote the script, chose the 'dramatised' technique. Why?

Because the alternative, which was to film and record an actual priest talking about his work, supplemented by films and recordings of him conducting parish meetings and interviews with members of his parish, would not have had the impact or the conviction that the dramatised documentary had. One could not hope to arrange for the cameras to be present when the priest had an accidental encounter with the ex-convict in the café, with the communist shop-steward at a factory, with his own wife when she threw doubts on the value of his work, or when he had a brush with the reactionaries on his parish council.

Instead, Mr. Morris studied his subject at first hand (in fact I believe there was more than one priest involved) and then cast his programme in dramatic form. To say that this makes it a play is hair-splitting. The main function of a documentary is to inform, in as interesting a way as possible. If the writer, surveying his tools, decides to use the technique of the drama, that does not necessarily make his work a play in the accepted sense; nor does it make the work a 'counterfeit' of the real thing.

Similarly, with my own effort 'First Novel', I could, I suppose, have persuaded a 'real' novelist to talk about his work, and to film scenes in a publisher's office, an agent's office, and so on. But if these had been acted by the people concerned the result would have been false and unreal, because one cannot expect untrained people to act. If they had merely talked about their activities the result would have been a crashing bore; novelists and publishers are no more interesting in themselves than the rest of us; what makes them interesting is seeing them in action, unconscious of cameras or recording machines. The only way to do this is to study them, learn something about their lives, and then get trained actors, carefully produced, to play their parts.

Accuracy depends on the writer's skill and integrity, plus a little expert advice. That is all. Given them, there is, in my opinion, no reason why a 'dramatised documentary' should not be as real as 'actuality'.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

LEONARD COTTRELL

Bernard Shaw as a Music Critic

Sir,—I should like to suggest, respectfully, that Dr. Vaughan Williams is making the facts fit his case, in his letter (THE LISTENER, August

9) in which he attacks 'Shaw as a Music Critic'.

Dr. Vaughan Williams defends Parry against Shaw from the academic or expert viewpoint at comparatively great length. Briefly and airily he then suggests that the popularity of Brahms at the 'Proms' vitiates Shaw's dislike and adverse criticism of Brahms. Exit Shaw as a music critic—I think not. Particularly if we judge Parry by his popularity and Brahms by his worth as a composer.

Using Dr. Vaughan Williams' technique, I say that in 1865 (eleven years before Brahms' First Symphony) Wagner with 'Tristan' contributed more to music than the whole output of Brahms did. Shaw admired and praised Wagner. My own dislike of Wagner does not cloud my judgement of the value of his music—nor should the popularity of Brahms cloud anyone else's judgement of Brahms' value as a composer.

Yours, etc.,

Altrincham

GORDON B. NESS

G. K. Chesterton

Sir,—All Chesterton's friends will be grateful to Mr. Savage for explaining that his letter in THE LISTENER of July 5 was based on memories of a newspaper article, which was no doubt inaccurate in the first instance. As Mr. Binns has pointed out, the incident happened at a Guildhall meeting, not at the Cambridge Union, and the hero of the story was not the Regius Professor of History, but Dr. Coulton, then a fellow of St. John's. But it is more important to know what Chesterton actually said. I now have before me an account of the matter given by Mr. Vernon Watkins, who was present on the occasion.

According to the source followed by Mr. Savage, the unknown heckler 'began by taking Chesterton's points and demolishing them one by one. Chesterton rudely interrupted him and shouted, *Oh, go and read some history*'. According to Mr. Watkins, 'Chesterton was finally challenged on a certain point by Dr. G. G. Coulton. Coulton was not satisfied with Chesterton's reply, and put a further question. It was then that Chesterton answered, with complete courtesy but perhaps rather inappropriately, *Well, you must simply read your history*'.

Nobody, I think, who knew the two men concerned will doubt which of these is the true version.

Yours, etc.,

Frome

R. A. KNOX

New Postage Stamps

Sir,—The predilection of philatelists for 'errors' is well known, but I feel I should correct one which appears to have been perpetrated by my friend Mr. Kenneth Chapman. In 'New Postage Stamps' (THE LISTENER, August 2) he is quoted as saying:

Except in the case of the Channel Islands' Liberation stamps already noted, there has never before been any restriction placed on the sale of British postage stamps throughout the United Kingdom, but the new issues will only be obtainable in the areas for which they are being especially designed, although, once purchased, they will be valid for use throughout the kingdom.

In point of fact, sale of the British Empire Exhibition stamps of 1924 and 1925 was subject to precisely similar restriction. The stamps were only on sale at the exhibition post office at Wembley, but, once purchased, they were valid for use throughout the kingdom.

Yours, etc.,

Ditchling

B. ROGERS-TILLSTONE

Art

Reaction in the Arts

By QUENTIN BELL

SIR HERBERT READ'S pamphlet on *The Psychopathology of Reaction in the Arts** has not, I think, been noticed in these pages. It deserves some mention for it is an able and interesting expression of opinion and it forms part of a controversy which is likely to engage the attention of artists and critics. It is not unreasonable to see in this essay a reply to *The Demon of Progress in the Arts* by Wyndham Lewis. Mr. Lewis is free in his abuse of Sir Herbert; whereas Sir Herbert, writing with philosophical detachment and never mentioning his adversary's name, contrives — unconsciously perhaps — to fashion a cap which fits very snug upon the head of Mr. Lewis. At all events, these essays may be considered together, for their authors are upon opposite sides of the barricade — although their shooting is sometimes rather wide of the mark.

The Demon of Progress in the Arts is a truculent, arrogant and, up to a point, very convincing book. The stupidity of 'extremism' for its own sake, the facility with which critics talk and painters imbibe a certain kind of 'progressive' nonsense, the strong social pressures that lead to the production of purely frivolous work and the inhibiting tendency of abstract art are all very well described. For my part I began Mr. Lewis' book with enthusiasm and admiration but I could not finish it in the same spirit. At some point he seems to have lost his temper, and with it his sense of proportion. When he speaks of a 'Demon of Progress' he is in earnest. He really believes that the making of scribbles and geometrical designs may upset the 'car which is our civilised life'. The painter who exhibits at the I.C.A. or *Réalités Nouvelles* is really possessed by that devil who seizes upon the primitive, the lunatic, or the child. It is hard to take this seriously. The best of the abstract artists are tasteful, elegant, and unspeakably dull; as for the lunatic fringe such as Bombelli or Engel Pak, whose work Mr. Lewis reproduces, it has only to be compared with the overwhelming vitality of an African sculpture or the bold assurance of an eight-year-old's painting for us to see that this demon is an anaemic creature, that his horns and tail are made of plastic and are, moreover, very badly stuck on. It is strange that so poor a creature can frighten so bold a fellow as Mr. Lewis.

Fundamentally, Sir Herbert and his antagonist are in agreement. They both suppose that the Dadaists, the Surrealists, and Constructivists, and all the rest of the dead-end kids of the art world are doing something fearfully important. To Sir Herbert it appears that such artists are engaged upon 'frontier work in the process of reasoning'. The new vision of the universe, forced upon us by contemporary science, has transformed the spiritual and intellectual attitude of modern man. The artist 'finds symbols to represent these prevalent stages of human consciousness: that is

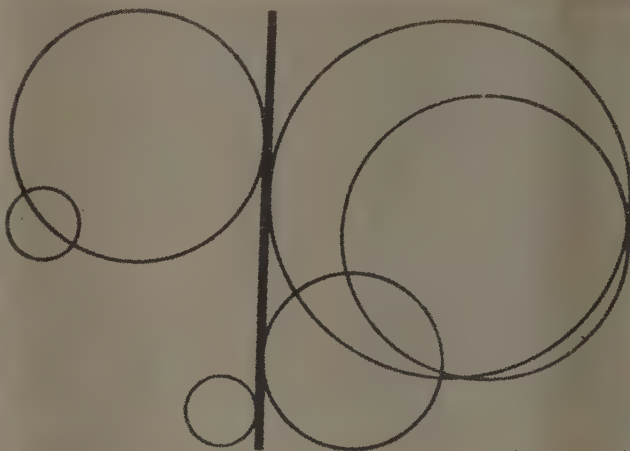
his primary function in society'. (I cannot help thinking that the influence of Newton on Chardin or of Darwin on Monticelli has yet to be demonstrated.) The reactionary — or at least one type of reactionary — is a person whose nerve has failed him and who: 'retires to a safe distance from which he can revile his former collaborators'. The reason for this betrayal is to be found in a schizoid condition of the psyche. Wordsworth is taken as an example of this tendency.

I found this analysis both convincing and moving but, in a discussion of artistic reaction as a whole, it seems to me to represent too small a part of the truth. If we want an example of the artistic reactionary, Byron is as good an example as Wordsworth. 'I am convinced', he wrote in 1817, 'that . . . Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Moore, Campbell, I — are all in the wrong, one as much as another, that we are upon the wrong revolutionary poetical systems'. Back to Popé! What could have been more reactionary? And yet, Byron's genius did not go into a decline. 'Don Juan' was begun in 1818. In fact it suited him, as a poet, to be a reactionary and for

him, at all events, it had been the wrong revolutionary system. Here we may come upon the centre of the argument. An artistic revolution is valuable only if it produces good painters. A painter may be an innovator like Picasso or a reactionary like Sickert; his impulse may be angelic or it may be diabolic; it does not matter to us so long as his reaction to the existing situation is one that is favourable to the development of his own genius.

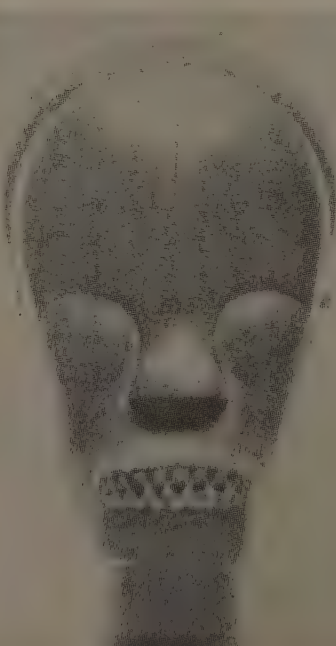
The notion that the artist *ought* to be progressive results naturally from the historical situation which has obtained for the past hundred and fifty years, a period during which the public has always reacted sharply against any sincere expression of pictorial feeling. Those painters who had anything of importance to say were necessarily regarded as revolutionaries, and the revolutions were always successful in the end, with the result that critics have become very shy of criticising any innovation. Today, however, nonconformity has become a new kind of conformity and certainly does not go unrewarded, so that many painters find it profitable to stage revolution even when there is nothing against which to revolt. Reaction of the kind that has been taking place in this country and in France since the war is valuable because it frees the young painter from subservience to a movement in which he may — and as I think very probably must — waste his talents. What

may, loosely, be called abstract art seems to me a barren field and one in which all that can be grown has already been harvested. This, however, is a matter which every painter should decide for himself. Mr. Lewis may threaten us with damnation and Sir Herbert may urge our duty to the unknown; it is better to disregard them both and try to paint good pictures.



From 'The Demon of Progress in the Arts'

Above: 'Design', by Bombelli
Below: 'Spirit Head', a Negro sculpture



From 'Last Lectures', by Roger Fry

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Dead Sea Scrolls. By Millar Burrows. Wecker and Warburg. 30s.

LESS THAN A TWELVEMONTH divides this work of Mr. Edmund Wilson's popularly written *Rolls from the Dead Sea*. While Professor Wilson modestly disclaims for his book that it tended for the scholar, it is, for all that, a more responsible and scholarly volume than Wilson's, which attained the distinction of best seller. The latter's work was marred by unfortunate attempts to sensationalise some of the texts, particularly the St. Mark's copy of the Great Scroll. His smattering of Hebrew formed a slender foundation for dealing with the real problems of the so-called Christological Ages in Isaiah.

Professor Burrows has undertaken a heroic task. He has set himself the aim of digesting and appraising the numerous books and hundreds of articles that have appeared since the discovery of these texts, which have continued to exercise so great a fascination for both laymen and scholar. The author is not new to the subject. It was he who, in collaboration with other American scholars, edited the St. Mark's Scroll of Isaiah and the Habakkuk Commentary as long ago as 1950. That publication revealed serious defects. The editors quite rightly did not start with an adequate equipment in Hebrew palaeography, but proceeded to treat the subject as they went along. The results were far from happy. To mention one, the editors arbitrarily ignored the distinction between the final and the initial or medial (the letter 'm'), blissfully unaware how that was in assessing the age of the manuscript. One could scarcely imagine Grenfell and Hunt, for example, in their masterly edition of the Oxyrhynchus papyri, perpetrating such an error of judgement. There was also quite a number of errors of transcription, of which perhaps the most astonishing was *nethibhim* for *nethiboth* (Isaiah xliii, 20). There were far too many instances in that edition of a rigid and mechanical pedantry triumphing over the claims of common sense and good sense.

The author acquits himself better in this time than in editing the texts. He discusses competently and judiciously in the first five parts of the book the history of the finds, doing his best to separate the nucleus of fact from the cloud of fiction and legend which has already begun to grow around them. He deals with the various of the manuscripts; their date of composition; the identity of the community that produced them; their theology, and their other points of intersection with both Judaism and Christianity. Lastly, in the sixth part, Professor Burrows gives us a translation of the Damascus Document, a medieval manuscript found, with hundreds of others, in the Genizah (lumber room) of a synagogue in Cairo, but showing the closest of affinities with some of these Dead Sea Scrolls; the Habakkuk Commentary (uninspired and mechanical in its exegesis, but historically valuable); the Manual of Discipline; the Gospels from the War of the Sons of Light against the Sons of Darkness; and excerpts from the Psalms of Thanksgiving.

It must be confessed that an air of spiritual dryness seems to hang over the writings of this highly baffling and elusive sect. The Psalms of Thanksgiving would have been more interesting if we had not possessed the Psalms from the new Bible to compare them with. As it is, they read more like a surrogate of the Biblical types. It is still too early to pass judgement

on the importance of these documents or place them in their proper setting. Professor Burrows' book must therefore be considered in the nature of a provisional report. How provisional it is may be gathered from the fact that what Professor Burrows and his colleagues named the Lamech Scroll several years ago actually turns out to be an Aramaic paraphrase (Targum or Midrash) of portions of Genesis.

The dedication to the memory of a fellow-scholar, Professor C. C. Torrey, takes the form of an Aramaic translation by Professor Burrows of Matthew, xiii, 52. Although this occupies not more than two lines, the author of the translation has nevertheless succeeded in committing two errors in the course of it. His curiously synthetic effort, which leans heavily on the Syriac (Peshitta) version of the New Testament, is not likely to impress the knowledgeable Aramaist. The author appends a useful bibliography. But it is to be regretted that he has not included an index—so indispensable for a book of this kind.

Finally, a protest must be made at the form in which the book appears. It is not actually 'printed' (in the usual sense of the term), although it is so described on the back of the titlepage, but phototyped from the American edition. It is unconscionable to be expected to pay thirty shillings for a book where the 'type' is blurred in places, the letters often chipped, and the paper poor in quality and tearing easily. If publishers value their reputation, it is time for them to call a halt to so cheap and shoddy a method of production—and reproduction—for the use of readers in England.

The Destiny of the Mind, East and West By William S. Haas. Faber. 36s.

The best entrance into this book is through an essay which Dr. Haas has included as an appendix: 'The Crucial Problem of Philosophy of History'. This is a synoptic evaluation of the main philosophical speculations on the homogeneity of mankind from the secular universalism of Herodotus, through the Hebrew and Christian formulations of sacred history, to the reorientations of Vico, Gobineau, Spengler, and Toynbee, until we are brought to the present impasse where philosophy is once more in search of intelligible units. Dr. Haas finds Toynbee's morphography of civilisation too 'precarious', 'too flexible to delimit the ultimate units and to throw into clear light their personalities'. His purpose, therefore, is to achieve a prolegomenon to a new philosophy of history by disengaging the mental structures of the eastern and western civilisations—the comparative study of two forms of consciousness.

The Destiny of the Mind is a work of such scope and profundity that a short notice of it must seem a travesty and indeed an impertinence, since these pages are the matured conclusions of a lifetime's meditation. Dr. Haas has ventured into an area where the dangers of misinterpretation are continuously present; 'there is hardly a term', he writes, 'which can pass without clarification and redefinition'. The consequence of this scrupulous honesty, which holds from sentence to sentence as the author moves to and fro between East and West, is that we are spared the *parti pris* of such expositors as René Guénon, the syncretism of Frithjof Schuon, and the miasmas of anthroposophy. Here is a philosopher who has not ceased to be

a philosopher because he has arrived at a delicate and intimate comprehension of the eastern *philousia*; and although he pushes analysis of western 'conceptualising' to the point where we sense the auto-destruction in the West's maniacal will to possess the Object, he refuses to assert that the eastern cognitive processes are better or wiser. This is how the mental structures were formed, is all he permits himself to say, when they 'inburst' on the 'magic world', and the East went one way and the West another—to the more ancient of the Upanishads or the pre-Socratics. Dr. Haas sets himself against any resolution of these differences. If the West ever seeks to absorb the eastern structure (which is 'juxtaposition and identity') it will be only by an abdication from its own structure (which is 'unity in variety'); and if the eastern structure allowed itself to be assimilated it would no longer be the East. Neither civilisation can liberate itself from the presuppositions which have formed it. Dr. Haas, however, does not explicitly disagree with the East's conviction that it can accommodate itself to scientific techniques without being destroyed in the process. It is here that the eastern cognition based on the 'subject-other' relationship, in contrast to the western 'subject-object', is crucial for the future.

But it would be a mistake to use this book for quick generalisations about our vertiginously changing world: Dr. Haas' purpose is primarily analytical and descriptive. It is a remarkable undertaking because he has been able to dispossess himself of the western thrust to assimilation; he remains the western philosopher, and yet the eastern structure remains uncontaminated. Perhaps it is just this detachment which, on a first reading, contributes to our impression that this is a book 'for our time', that we have reached the roots of our bewilderment. In the section called 'Opposites versus Polarities', for example, we become acutely aware, though it is not explicitly examined, of the split consciousness which is desiccating our civilisation—the dichotomy which our own tradition of philosophy and theology seems powerless to heal. '*L'esprit de l'homme est malade au milieu des concepts*', wrote Antonin Artaud; and Dr. Haas indirectly confirms the experience of those French poets, such as Michaux and René Daumal, who have entered more radically into that split than any other of our writers, and have desecrated, in their exorcisms, not a solution, but at least the distant possibility of one in the eastern *tao*: the path to identity in pure consciousness. Can the West learn from the East before it is too late? Dr. Haas does not tell us, and perhaps he would find the question irrelevant. But at least we can learn from him how to be receptive to those 'organic conciliations' which the East has known.

This notice is but the first sounding in a book which demands many re-readings. If there is a complaint it is that Dr. Haas has a certain awkwardness of style (though he often strikes out compelling phrases) which is not helped, in the earlier chapters, by inadequate proof-reading.

Russia and America: Dangers and Prospects. By Henry L. Roberts. Royal Institute of International Affairs. 25s.

This book is the result of discussions within a group constituted by the Council on Foreign Relations in New York and composed of atomic

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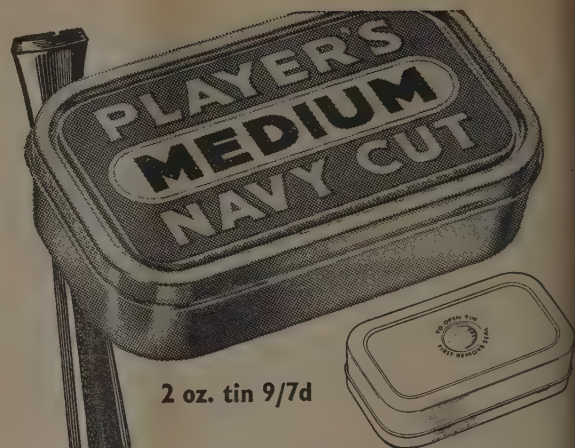
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L

erts, social scientists, and diplomats. The main object of the discussions was 'to identify policies and actions to provide conditions for peace' (page vii). The group was not concerned with making recommendations about immediate policies and actions but concentrated its attention on long-term problems and perspectives. The analysis of United States policy requirements is set in the context of nuclear physics and communist totalitarianism. It includes a consideration of disarmament, of alliances and neutralism, and of economic and social policy, and the last section more detailed attention is paid to areas of conflict in Germany, eastern Europe, Asia, as well as in direct Soviet-American relations.

Within its limits, the book serves a useful function. The analysis is well-balanced and impartial and fully reflects the moderation and enlightenment which have characterised much of political and public leadership of the United States since the second world war. Each of five major policies is explicitly—and wisely—re-evaluated: a policy of avoiding war at all costs, a policy of preventive general war, a policy of territorial retrenchment and withdrawal, a policy regarding the strengths available in the non-aligned world, a policy placing exclusive reliance on any one form of strength. In a few of the good passages the reader is reminded that democracy has expanded since 1939 almost as much as communism, the communist revolution is well designated a counter-revolution against the spread of human freedom, and an excellent and suggestive picture of the typical course of revolutions is drawn. Only occasionally does concentration on United States policy induce misrepresentation of the policy of others: the countries of Europe in the main as members of the United Nations to be universal rather than confined to 'peace-loving' nations not because they regard the United Nations as a 'forum' (page 235), but because they attach primary importance to the peaceful settlement of disputes rather than to coercion of an aggressor.

More serious criticism of the book, however, is that despite its professed intention of dealing with long-term perspectives, its view of the world is really very short. The subject is seen in terms of current Soviet-American hostility, Sino-American hostility, and Soviet-Chinese tension, and the Soviet and Chinese dangers are regarded to be approximately the same and requiring similar responses. This to a European is perhaps the weakest part of the analysis. Moreover, almost nothing is said about the United Nations or about the impact on Soviet-American relations of compulsive forces towards peaceful resolution of hostilities and increased international intercourse. The forces that divide are briefly described: the opposite longer-term tendencies towards reconciliation and growing unity are ignored (though their existence does not of course mean that they will prevail). As a statement of existing power-relationships and of the policies to be followed therein this book is lucid, well-judged and worthy of wide circulation. It is not, however, fulfilling its pretension of going beyond the immediate short-term view.

Crusading Warfare (1097-1193)

By R. C. Smail. Cambridge. 30s.

A highly original and deeply erudite book makes an important contribution to the study of the Crusades, and its interest extends even further than its title would suggest. For Dr. Smail in his treatment of a complex subject makes good his claim that 'the study of warfare and that of political and social organisation illuminate and complete each other'. Every detail of the state was a society organised for war, and

nowhere was this more true than in the case of the Latin states which the First Crusade established in Syria. The long struggle which the Franks undertook to preserve and extend their possessions has therefore very wide implications, and Dr. Smail demonstrates that this struggle can no longer be appraised merely by a discussion of the major battles it involved. 'This warfare', he observes, 'but rarely afforded the spectacle of two armies bent on mutual destruction; the true end of military activity was the capture and defence of fortified places... In such a situation the invading and defending armies did not hurry to attack each other; often they made no attempt to do so'. The part played by the castle in Crusading strategy is thus here exhaustively examined, and the archaeological and historical description of the Crusaders' castles, illustrated by very fine photographs, is not the least fascinating section of Dr. Smail's book.

His survey is, however, very extensive. He gives a critical review of the work of his predecessors in this field, and relates their conclusions to modern theories of war. He considers the composition and tactical methods of both the Latin and the Moslem armies, and he describes not only the major engagements but the long operations that divided them. Throughout, he depends upon a meticulous examination of the original authorities, but he never fails to relate his detailed account to the larger theme he is concerned to expose. Much of his book is severely technical, but his fine scholarship commands admiration, and his book should appeal not only to specialised students of medieval warfare but to all those who are interested in the aims, aspirations and activities of the Crusaders.

No Room for Wild Animals

By Bernhard Grzimek.

Thames and Hudson. 18s.

Pelican in the Wilderness

By F. Fraser Darling.

Allen and Unwin. 25s.

Both these books are written by men who are deeply concerned at the misuse that modern man is making of the resources provided so lavishly by nature—the ruin of the soil and the extermination of the flora and fauna. One writes of Africa, the other of America, but the basic theme of both is the same: unless the human race mends its ways the flora and fauna of the world are doomed, and with them eventually man himself. Darling thinks that the science of ecology applied to human habitats may be able to save much that still exists, and even rehabilitate some of the areas 'spoiled' by past mistakes; Grzimek is less hopeful and thinks that the future of at least the larger animals lies in films and pictures, zoos and zoological parks. Grzimek's list of examples is a melancholy one, from the bombing of the Knechtsand by the R.A.F., to the Tanganyika groundnuts scheme.

The Knechtsand is an island off the German North-Sea coast to which shelduck come from much of the coastline of Europe, and even from England, to moult in the late summer. During the moult they are practically flightless, but in spite of protests by ornithologists the island was used as a practice bombing target and at least 70,000 shelduck were destroyed in a very short space of time. In preparation for the groundnuts scheme wide areas of Tanganyika were cleared of all the wild animals they contained. 'Thousands upon thousands of giraffes, rhinoceroses and antelopes lay dead and stinking to high heaven... Up to that time the area had been bush-land with abundant scrub and creeper and with about 120 trees per acre. The

delicate groundnut, which does not cover the bare earth, could not prevent the soil from drying up, being blown away by the wind, and torn asunder into deep drifts and valleys by torrential cloud bursts'.

Most of Dr. Grzimek's book is, however, anything but gloomy reading. It is an account of a journey made by him and his son through tropical Africa to collect animals, and especially an okapi, for the Frankfurt Zoo. He is a good zoologist and a true naturalist, and his accounts of hippos, elephants, okapis and many other wild creatures, and of his friends the pygmies, are full of acute observation, appreciation and humour.

There is none of Grzimek's spontaneity about Fraser Darling's book, which is written with a self-conscious smugness alternating with an attempted tough-guy back-slapping heartiness that does not ring true. The book is an account of a series of journeys undertaken after the war, mostly at other people's expense, across the United States, and to Alaska and Mexico. The author enjoyed himself and learnt a lot—but there is still a lot for him to learn. 'I have a greater admiration for Spanish culture than most folks have... but I believe I understand some things about the ways of Spain a little better than some of my fellows'. After this patronising passage near the beginning of the chapter on Mexico the author devotes forty pages to showing, unintentionally, that he is mistaken.

The blurb on the jacket says that the kind of questions that were running through Dr. Darling's mind when he wrote his book are: What is the difference between the stark beauty of a natural desert and the squalor of a man-made one? Why do ground squirrels and kangaroo rats multiply on the grazing ranges of the west, and why are the great caribou herds of Alaska decreasing and the numbers of moose increasing? How do all these changes in habitat affect the Indian, Eskimo, and white man and where are we going from here? The statement of these problems and the suggested solutions are handled in an interesting and thoughtful way, and lead to the conclusion that it is not yet too late for man, through an intensive study of human and animal ecology, to remedy some of the mistakes of the past and avoid the complete devastation of the earth. It seems unlikely, however, that man will make the necessary effort until the last minute of the twelfth hour—and then it may be too late.

Mountain Doctor. By Fernando Namora.

William Kimber. 18s.

Ten Patients and an Almoner

By Flora Beck.

Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

Books about doctors practising medicine in difficult surroundings and amid primitive peoples are popular and, this being so, Dr. Namora's book should attract many readers. At the age of twenty-four he set out to practise amongst the peasants, gypsies and smugglers of the remote mountain villages of the Portuguese provinces of Alentejo and Beira Baixa. It is difficult to say which was the more forbidding, the bleak country to be his home or the poverty stricken, ignorant and brutal peasants, who were to be his patients. He possessed very little medical experience but he had an observant eye, a keen interest in human nature and a faculty for vivid writing and from these have resulted a collection of portraits of men and women, stricken as much in mind as in body, which might have come from the pen of a Russian novelist. Disease was only one of the foes with which this young doctor had to contend. Ignorance, superstition, hostility to everything new, and the malicious

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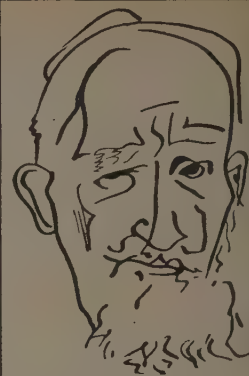
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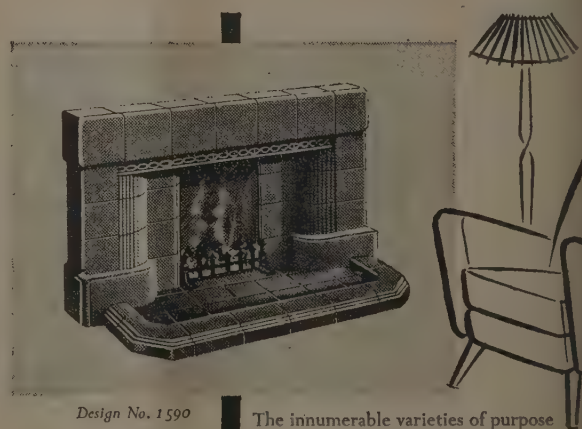
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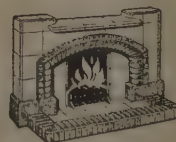
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ship of incompetent midwives and self-appointed healers were much more deadly foes. Such is the buoyancy of human nature that a few years he came to love the desolate land which he worked and its wild and impoverished inhabitants. His story is skilfully told, the translation from the Portuguese has been well done by Dorothy Ball.

Ten Patients and an Almoner is a very

different type of book from the above and instead of dealing with medical practice carried on under difficult circumstances it describes medicine at its smoothest, that is to say as practised at a large modern hospital staffed by every type of specialist, medical or non-medical. Amongst the latter is that very important expert in the social and economic problems of the hospital patient, the almoner, a person whose services are as

valuable to the patient as they are to the medical staff. During the last sixty years the sphere of action of hospital almoners has steadily increased and Miss Beck, who has had much experience of an almoner's work, gives an excellent account of the numerous kinds of problem with which they have to deal. Her book will be of great interest to the general reader, the social worker, and the medical student.

New Novels

My Darling from the Lion's Mouth. By Mary K. Harris. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.

Cabbage in the Grass. By Leopold Louth. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

Comfort Me with Apples. By Peter de Vries. Gollancz. 13s. 6d.

FIND I approach *My Darling from the Lion's Mouth* rather capably, and so, I imagine, will most reviewers. Mary K. Harris could be, in time—this is her first novel—a very important writer indeed. She has some splendid gifts: sympathy, power of characterisation, a good sense of form, a fervent moral sense, and enormous sensibility. There is one thing, but when one meets sensibility in a writer it happens to be a woman one is always a little frightened. So many of them get lost in the flowering jungle of their own sensibilities. And then there are echoes. This is really (doubtless by mere coincidence) *The Death of the Heart* with moral values added to the purely secular values of that most clear-headed and living novel.

The heroine here is a girl of about seventeen, a girl, living in a dehumanised house with a grandfather who pays no attention to her, and a buff old housekeeper, Flora. Julia, sent down to school for stealing a brooch, in a very unbalanced state of mind, visits the young locum at the village, O'Rourke, who takes pity on her and introduces into the house a widow, Mrs. Randolph, his own mistress, as holiday-companion. Mrs. Randolph is the real triumph of the book; breezy, angered by life, unconventional, an odd-woman-out, clever, kind but impatient, ruthless and passionate. We get characterisation at the top-level when jealousy develops between her and the housekeeper, and she falls in love with a young French boy, delicate courtship handled with delicacy; and there are echoes here of Katherine Mansfield's, no doubt, is also pure coincidence.

What starts one to worry is that this Thomas is a Catholic, and that Mrs. Randolph is also a Catholic, though not so antiquant, with a brother who is a Jesuit. Is the whole problem going to be 'solved' by the *deus ex machina*? When the poor, troubled girl, still worried to death over that stolen brooch, unable to shed her sense of guilt, troubled because she is told by Mrs. Randolph that this upper-class French family could not possibly permit her love for their son to continue, agonised by the first, faint urges of passionate love, finally deserted by Mrs. Randolph and harassed by Flora, the old housekeeper, is—on the very last page—approached by the stairs by the dark, thin figure of the girl. One simply says, 'Oh what a cheat!' as everybody knows—and it is one of the virtues of Graham Greene that he makes plain over and over again—religion may sustain a lot but it never solves any human problem; on the contrary it makes most human problems infinitely more difficult. One may guess why the reviewer feels cagey. Yet, had I more space, I would write in great admiration of the quality of this novel. The blurb says it is 'the first novel of rare quality'. It is.

Satire is the most intellectual form of humour: it implies an intelligent, homocentric point-of-view on social man. Not that we have to agree with the point-of-view. It is sufficient that it be implied. Waugh is, for example, always satirising those whom he loves best—the bourgeoisie who have let down their side. 'This hurts me more than it hurts you', he mutters as he masochistically encourages Basil Seal to apply the taws. Marcel Aymé does exactly the same thing. One sees who they are getting at. Comedy is content to be simply amused by social man. It is the most comfortable form of humour; we are not worried by it, unless we want to be. Farce is beyond thought: it is belly-laughter; it is also despair; nothing can be made of life; it is a total joke, like 'Charley's Aunt'; it is the heart-breaking, side-splitting joke of disaster, whether somebody falls on the ice, or down the stairs, or gets hit in the face by a cream-pie, or makes a mess of an evening with his best girl. The critic's trouble is that writers often mix up all three forms, so that he has to keep on adjusting his binoculars. One has to do this all the time with *Cabbage in the Grass*, by Leopold Louth, who is our most arresting humorist since Mr. Kingsley Amis, and of infinitely wider range and, I think, of a keener intelligence.

Mainly he is a satirist. What he is satirising it is too soon to say. He probably does not know yet himself. Ostensibly his victim is a young man named Rupert Tapp-Barrener who has read too much Tolstoy and decided to live the total Tolstoyan life. Rupert revolts against convention, cruelty, selfishness, the aristocracy, money, calculation, and the flesh. Inevitably he tumbles down the stairs of life into a series of absurd adventures. He becomes a conscientious objector and outrages his family; he marries a Yugoslav slut who robs and deceives him; he becomes one of the lumpen-proletariat and nearly dies of it; he is taken up by a crook who forms an unreasoned affection for him; he amuses a high-class trollop who tenderly and maternally falls in love with him; he opens an antique shop; he falls madly in love with one of those hard-boiled American virgins whom American writers have satirised repeatedly; he is arrested for a murder he did not commit and, of course, behaves nobly; he ends up in a squalid basement writing the opening words of *Cabbage in the Grass*. 'The Cabbage endures; pansies and orchids pass: But the Cabbage is a weed in a field of grass...' In other words he is out of his proper station in life. But what is his station in life? Poor bewildered Outsider! Perhaps his motto should have been: 'Be clever, sweet child, and let who will be good!'

Far and away the finest part of the story is the proletarian sequence. Somehow or other Mr. Louth's feelings are at their purest here; there is sympathy, horror, atmosphere; he has

responded to the squalor of the scene; there is even tenderness, so that for the first time one does not merely laugh at Rupert, one sympathises with him. Probably what has happened is that one realises that logic has been satisfied, and one regrets it when Rupert joins the great army of odd-men-out, misfits, unemployables. It is equally logical that he should then work with a crook, another odd-man-out, but a smart operator; and that he should there at last find genuine affection and love. If Mr. Louth had been tougher—tough as Waugh is tough—he would have stopped there, and not gone on to the pointless farce of the antique shop, the American intrusion and the murder. It is significant that in the end Mr. Louth has to return to that proletarian-plus-crook-plus-trollop set-up to round off his book. The only trouble is that it is far too witty to have been written by Rupert.

I confess (as if I were a Buchmanite) that I laughed, snorted and chuckled my way through *Comfort Me with Apples* and did not, in my heart, think it very high-level humour. If you like low-level humour, such as the Marx Brothers, as I do, this is the deck-chair book for you. But we must acknowledge where we are—which is away below Mr. Louth, Mr. Amis, Mr. Wain, Mr. Salinger, or Mr. Saroyan, and in another world from that great and good man Mr. Waugh. This is a novel written on the tried and true formula of the well-meaning man for whom everything possible goes wrong. At first the story seems more promising than this. It opens with two appallingly weary youths for whom Wilde is the great writer of all time, and paradox the essence of wit. The pair are naturally a great trial to their parents, so that nothing could be more satisfying than to see one of these wits end up as a successful writer of 'pepigrams' for the local paper, and the other as a policeman on the beat with a taste for Holmesian detection. It is unfortunate that the pepigrammatic one should go on repeating his witticisms in chapter after chapter, even though some of them are good: such as the sad plaint of the lady who writes to him in his capacity as the Aunt Jim of his paper: 'When we first got married my husband used to say I slept with my lips slightly parted. Now he says I sleep with my mouth open. How can I bring back . . . ?'; or, 'We are morally bankrupt! We're worse! We are bankrupt!' But most of them are on the level of: 'An affaire is like Turkish coffee; the trick is to stop before you reach the grounds'. Still, the ingloriously farcical misadventures of this pair of quondam lilies makes excellent light summer-reading. It is not a comic novel, or a humorous novel, or a satirical novel. It is just a funny book. I think I notice it only to emphasise the excellence, by comparison, of Mr. Leopold Louth.

SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Besides Foul Weather

WHO'S THERE, besides foul weather? Since the regular incumbent of this space departed for his holiday (abroad, let us hope) the most vigorous performer under review has been wind. Never



Christopher Chataway (right) interviewing Mr. John Grey at Cheriton in 'Away From It All—1' on August 6

can its outward signs have been more visible. Meteorologists appear as a baleful nightly prologue plotting its next day's progress on their chart in arrows; comes the morrow, and cricketers' shirts balloon, sprinters hug their track-suits, muscular ladies from Czechoslovakia seem to experience difficulty in putting the shot as far as usual, oarswomen from Holland and France lie pinioned sideways by gale in their boats at the starting-post on a Serpentine as choppy as the sea, Newmarket cameras sway unsteadily so that the exciting Egerton Handicap is seen through a haze of wind-lines; while above it all the bellowing commentators dispense such cold comfort as: 'Well, as you can see from the clouds and the moving foliage over there, it's by no means the ideal day for this: even so quite a large crowd has gathered since lunch . . .'. Blustered even among our cushions, we battle at one remove.

But programmes must be planned far ahead, and ironically the recent emphasis has been on the pleasures of living beyond the city's pale, far from the madding crowd. 'Away From It All', a series of investigations into rural life, has now been going for two weeks. Last Monday the latest Christopher to become a camera, Mr. Chataway, went to the coast of East Anglia; the previous Monday he was in the Cotswolds sizing up the chances of a newcomer's earning a living there and trying to find out what it feels like to

keep a country pub. Among those who made brief confession, to the lilt of 'Little Brown Jug', were publicans who in previous incarnations had been Regular Army officer, bank-note maker, driver, and official of the L.P.T.B. The two main taverns of the piece were in the villages of Sibford Gower and Cheriton. Mr. Chataway barged beamingly into the first, refused a drink, and began to interrogate. The daily exodus from Sibford to Banbury, the lack of indigenous opportunity in contrast to the employment prospects in Cheriton where there is a flourishing timber-mill, was what he succeeded in eliciting from the various village people he spoke to, postmistress, farmer, manager, road-mender. 'Cheriton, then', as the script solemnly put it, 'has no reason to look forebodingly to the future'.

It was all a healthy corrective to the office-worker's bucolic longings, but I felt the camera-work to be on a considerably subtler plane than the talking, point-making part of the programme. Perhaps things might go more smoothly if Mr. Chataway was at times allowed to appear to know more. The visit to Warwick later in the week suffered much more seriously from shapeless presentation: the views and the interviews commingled ill here, producing a confused effect. Evocative moments (like the sight of children using an ancient execution ring as a mooring for their skipping-rope) were rare, and too much time was spent in such places as the repair room of the county records office, the doll museum, and with the iron lung makers, all really separate items for a programme each: at the end we still had no idea of what it felt like to live in Warwick, of the genius of the place.

As it happened, the most informative tour of the week was also the most magically intriguing—a demonstration in 'Saturday Night Out' of

how the O.B. team who produce this programme actually set about their business from the studio base at Wembley, cleverly presented. Peter Webber and Derek Burrell-Davis. The skipper of the Lowestoft trawler they had already televised was taken round the studio on behalf of us all, and had a go with the camera, not managing to get much into focus. Then, by a terrifying stroke of ingenuity, we seemed to go inside the van that was relaying the programme and see the pictures as they appeared on the monitors to the producer. The moral I drew was that there is nowhere on, beyond, above, and below this earth where a tele-camera cannot penetrate: it was emphasised by a selection of views from Snowdon, a helicopter, and a submerged submarine.

The chief live programme has been the Eisteddfod at Aberdare, where we looked in



As seen by the viewer: 'Home Town—Warwick' on August 10: a part of Warwick Castle

John Gurn

several times to see the bards in their druidic robes, hear speeches in Welsh, and brass bands. Commentary was decorous and lucid from inside the pavilion, even if owing to some inevitable mistimings we did not always see the part we were meant to see.

Half an hour's 'Press Conference' was a ludicrously brief time for a discussion of Suez two days after the Prime Minister's broadcast, and a panel of five proved to be too large for clarity. No one was prepared to develop anything said by anyone else, and as soon as any fruitful disagreement began to emerge the drift was switched to something else before the clash was resolved. Shots in 'Newsreel' of departing troops and arriving civilians, and an interview in 'Highlight' with Sir John Duncanson about Suez evacuations carried a much greater sense of topical urgency.

Although the Brains Trust team did attempt to answer the question put to them here last week about why they all accepted to appear, this was, truth to tell, a deadly dull occasion. Producer's folly was, I think, to blame in putting four (five, counting the question-master) professional literary men together unrelieved. It gave the gathering a horribly inbred air and what



Chairing the Bard—Mr. Mathonwy Hughes—the ceremony of which was televised from the Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales at Aberdare on August 9



'The Gambler', produced by Tony Richardson on August 9, with (left to right) Ian Wood as the Croupier, Boris Ranevsky and Elaine Inescort as Baron and Baroness von Burmerhelm, James Donald as Alexei Ivanovitch, Andrée Melly as Blanche de Cominges, Peter Wyngarde as the Marquis de Grioux, Peter Ang as General Zagoriansky, and Hermione Baddeley as Baboulinka



Scene from 'Home at Seven', by R. C. Sherriff, televised in 'Sunday-Night Theatre' on August 12, with (left to right) Helen Shingler as Janet Preston, Peter Cushing as David Preston, Arnold Bell as Inspector Hemingway, Gerald Cross as Mr. Petherbridge, and Raymond Francis as Dr. Sparling. The production was by Stephen Harrison

could have been civilised and stimulating conversation degenerated into shop.

ANTHONY CURTIS

[Mr. Reginald Pound is on holiday]

DRAMA

Rien ne va plus

LAST WEEK it was anything goes and who goes to the cinema? This week, *rien ne va plus* and a production of 'The Gambler' which may not have been the ultimate in drama but certainly left its rarest of television traces, the memory of a really poetic screen. I shall long recall the irony and beauty of the last scene in which the now hopelessly obsessed young man re-meets the girl he so desperately loved that he acquired his passion for roulette: and can find nothing to ask her but the size of a loan to get started again. James Donald's furtive glance and stumbling charm and the puzzled look crossing Valerie Crutchley's fine brow—she looked like Marie Bashkirtseff, perfectly of the period—made a haunting impression. The background of that empty, heartless salon, with the funnys shrouding the lustres, had a positively Chekhovian fascination. I say Chekhovian and not Dostoevskian because I feel that the latter adjective means curiously little to most of us. It was, even a more addicted nation of gamblers than we? The point is, I suppose, that we don't think of ourselves as addicted: so we are not tormented. Or one may even not be addicted at all.

Just as some people can 'see nothing' in the Austen or Wagner, so I have to confess to a bad blind spot which cut me off from the communion of my fellows. First, I cannot tell the motor-car from another and do not wish to differentiate between these ugly beetles. The 'mashing bus' which makes my companion jump with envy seems to me just that: 'a mashing bus'. And gambling—heavens, what a bore! I daresay it would be nice to win 10,000 like the milkman but must people pull their faces round the roulette wheel? The compulsive masks of Tony Richardson's gamblers tell in the mind, a foretaste of hell, like a 'Double Your Money' audience twisted with avidity.

Norman Ginsbury had a terrible job to make play out of Dostoevsky's short novel and I

don't think he succeeded: the shape was wrong, a brilliant one-act comedy seemed to tail away into a series of ill-connected epilogues. And—another test—at crucial moments the producer (Mr. Richardson) and the principal players (Mr. Donald and Miss Crutchley) seemed already steamed up and full of eloquence only to find that somehow the text, the material, was absent.

Perhaps it was only that Dostoevskian behaviour comes hard in English (but we act Chekhov incomparably well, so why?). That bedroom scene, of course, would strike Miss Grove as morbid; why not accept the gentleman's money and show a smiling face (which is what the gentlemen like) instead of all that 'flinging about'? But if the thing did not convince entirely the players were not to blame. The opening scenes in Roulettenberg were as credible as if the Bashkirtseff family album had suddenly come alive—until Hermione Baddeley as aunt Baboulinka was wheeled on and proceeded, in the brilliantly ironical scenes where the old fribble gambles her fortune away under the horrified eyes of her heirs, to wheel the play sharply downhill—if not into the sea at least in the direction of the pier pavilion. Wildly funny, on the lines of that Farjeon sketch 'I was sitting in the suntrap, Colonel Spicer', but misconceived, dear Miss Baddeley!

'Home at Seven' was very un-Dostoevskian and I suppose most of us could share an eerie thought about what should happen if one simply 'lost' twenty-four hours out of one's life like poor Mr. Preston from the bank. Peter Cushing worked well for him; and let us read his inner agitation with the minimum of eye-rolling. But the whole tale struck me as curiously unimaginative in many ways, excellently though R. C. Sherriff's little West End play is laid out and well strung up, and competent though the playing. These things largely depend on chance, I know; for instance, it is sheer bad luck when the front door opens to disclose a scene shifter in the offing; and when the agonised wife (Helen Shingler) holds consultation with the doctor (Raymond Francis) about the way her husband has been behaving, the door of the sitting room could only have been shut. *Il faut qu'une porte*, etc., etc.; but these details add up. The production by Stephen Harrison did not let the interest flag. Yet this was very much the same boring television charade world as 'Dixon of Dock Green' and countless serials on I.T.V.

We seem to have been seeing a lot of films lately: Hitchcock (always welcome) and a long puff for Romulus and Remus Films Limited which seemed to me in my naive way to be quite simply an advertisement for the new Katharine Hepburn picture. On Saturday, they dug out a Boyer-Jean Arthur comedy which still had a good deal of kick in it. A history-for-children 'Voyage of the Surprise', a sketch from 'Northern Showground' in which a very drunk man tried to get undressed and into bed, and some electric-storm playing of Brahms by Daniel Wayenberg in the Sunday night piano recital are other items which lodge in memory.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

From the Outposts

MR. PRIESTLEY HAS BEEN writing about a Cornish cove. Steps behind his hotel go down to the water. Steps in front of my hotel also lead to the water, though to a more southern sea than Mr. Priestley's: at the moment it is of the hue they mean when (as no doubt they do) they say 'How like Cornwall!' on a sunny day at Portofino. I imagine that the Dolphin Inn of 'End Game at the Dolphin' (Home) is twenty miles or so up the coast from me. We have been having the Breton crabbers here; but the boat off the Dolphin, also from France, was a smuggler's on an apparently regular errand of which Mr. Priestley cannot persuade me. In fact, nothing much in the play is persuasive, though such a line as 'Anything can happen when you're staying with Laura Caverack' is a call for tolerance, an appeal to our goodwill. Caverack, by the way, is the dramatist's nearest approach to local colour: alter a vowel and you have 'Coverack' which is on the same peninsula as my hotel but not, I fancy, in Mr. Priestley's region, though he has not made it clear.

This sounds to me like a play by a dramatist who enjoys writing dialogue, but who has got thoroughly tired of his plot. And, in spite of the setting, Mr. Priestley is not really concerned with Cornwall: it may be a mercy that he has not tried any local dialect fun, any merry folk-weave quips. His happiest character, in fact, is a butler who was once an actor, and who now enjoys himself professionally in the kind of part

he filled so often on the stage. This Marlborough, with his occasional Cockney nights and his pleasure in science-fiction (sent regularly from a library in Truro) is the right company and excellent radio: Eric Anderson decants him like good port. But the other people appear to have troubled their creator. He has some story of two women who had quarrelled over the husband of one of them, and who now play a game of scratch-as-scratch-can in the remoteness of The Dolphin. Valerie Taylor and Peggy Thorpe-Bates go into the fight with nicely sharpened claws, and they wear velvet pads for the ultimate and not wholly unexpected reconciliation. Various more or less useful folk fill out the list of characters, but Mr. Priestley seems to have been more interested in such a passing cloud as the pedantic little by-law fiend than in his leading people and their troubles.

'End Game at The Dolphin', easy enough to listen to, is not the dramatist at his most exuberant; it is less of a Trip to Bountiful than some of his plays, even though it does begin with the rhythms of the Cornish sea, and though it contains such pertinent lines as 'What becomes of all the time saved by all the time-saving things?' and 'Strictly speaking, there haven't been any afternoons since the first world war'. There, for a few seconds, Mr. Priestley laughs benevolently at himself in Marlborough's 'The great gold afternoons will return'; he has no intention of being wistful. Still, he cannot help mentioning the familiar Priestley type who wants adventure—this time a vanishing husband (he never appears) who may be in Casablanca or Rabat or Mogador but who, wherever he is, clearly has an amiable life.

Norman Wright has produced accurately, waves and all; and we are glad to have Laidman Browne as one of those distinguished veterans (here a judge) that haunt our comedies purposefully just as those *raisonneurs* used to haunt Pinero's plays. Even so, I could not feel during performance that this was the real Priestley in love with his work. I was less at ease with his people than with the shadows of the old men from the Middle Bronze Age whose village I have just been shown at Kynance Gate.

In 'The King of Friday's Men' (Third) we switch back to January 1787, to the 'remote and hilly corner where the counties Mayo, Galway, and Roscommon meet', and to a girl who recoiled from her impending fate as 'tallywoman' to a local squire. Enter, then, her champion, the gallant shillelagh-man from Tyrawley, Michael J. Molloy's play, in its coloured, singing prose, had ill luck on the London stage. I suspect that the last act is the trouble: there one is less conscious of the early richness of phrase and character: the plot does get in the light. It is, none the less, a piece written with a pictorial vigour satisfying alike to the ear and to the inward eye. Mr. Molloy, his own editor for radio, must have made some of the cuts in his heart's blood; but the spirit of the piece remains, and Brian O'Higgins, Sheila Manahan, Walter Macken, and Jack MacGowan have joined—under John Gibson's direction—in a performance of the liveliest flash and swirl. Newcomers to the play may have felt, in a line of Mr. Priestley's, that here was 'one of those deceptively quiet nights that suddenly explode in one's face'—like the wave exploding now, beneath me, on the platform of the Bumble Rock.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Weighty Matters

BANK HOLIDAY, so say three of my four dictionaries, is a day on which banks are legally closed, but, illegally I suppose, it is now recognised as a holiday for a large percentage of the

population. But there are exceptions. The daily newspaper is one, the B.B.C. another, and the question arose—was I yet another? It was a moot point but I gave myself the benefit of the doubt. Indeed I went further; I ignored radio not only on Monday and half of Tuesday but on the previous Saturday and Sunday, and on returning to duty I found some tough stuff awaiting me on the Third Programme.

It began with 'Natural Theology and Comparative Religion', a talk by R. J. Z. Werblowsky, and was followed next evening by 'A University Has No Purpose' by Peter Winch and, the evening after that, 'The Purpose of a University' by Bertrand de Jouvenel. The three of them proved forcibly once again the immense influence for the listener of broadcasting style on broadcast matter. The matter in all three cases was of importance to those listeners who concern themselves with ideas and intellectual problems and like to have their wits cleaned and oiled from time to time, but the speakers varied widely in those qualities that make a good broadcaster, namely a fine direct style in the literary meaning of the word and a desire to communicate personally with his listener. Mr. Werblowsky presented his argument clearly but was evidently more concerned with his script than with the invisible human creature for whom it was destined. The job of keeping in touch, I felt, was left largely to me. Consequently I missed the sense of ease and warmth which a good communicator gives to his audience and although interested in what he said, I felt the job of taking it in to be a chore rather than a pleasure.

I listened to Peter Winch's 'A University Has No Purpose' when it was first broadcast some months ago and found that I heartily agreed with what he said, and I listened again last week to refresh my memory and so get ready to appreciate the force of Mr. de Jouvenel's rejoinder, 'The Purpose of a University', next evening. I was well aware that my situation would be delicate, for when philosophers disagree, where does the critic come in, if, as in my case, he happens to be the merest amateur? Mr. Winch is a good but not an exciting broadcaster. Did he on this occasion labour his points too much? I am not sure because I know from my own experience as both lecturer and listener that unless a point is made in a number of different instances the audience will fail to catch it. It may rather have been that his performance, as with some pianists, lacked warmth of expression. Whatever the truth of the matter, I found his argument convincing.

But when it came to Mr. de Jouvenel's counterblast next evening I was faced with an unforeseen dilemma. It turned out in fact that I heartily agreed also with everything he said. Was it simply that I was able to see both sides of the question? A comforting conclusion but a wrong one. It was partly Mr. de Jouvenel's powers as a writer and broadcaster that swept me along with him, for the fact is that as both a stylist and a speaker he is streets ahead of the other two and of most other broadcasters. He has a complete command of our language and he addresses his listener with a warmth, an eloquence, and a comfortable leisureliness which work like a charm. One feels it would always be delightful just to listen to him expressing himself, no matter what he was talking about. Last week, however, what he was talking about mattered very much, namely the function of a university which is, he said, to teach its students to solve problems and to acquire the proper tools—methods—for doing so. A Professor of History, he said, does not teach facts—a university is not a filling station—but how to find out and marshal facts. I fancy Mr. Winch will have agreed with all that Mr. de Jouvenel said and by doing so have solved my dilemma in agreeing with both of them. In fact Mr. Winch's

title misrepresented him and he virtually contradicted it at the outset of his talk by stating that a university presents 'an academic way of life', a purpose if ever there was one; and later he declared, in words which M. de Jouvenel himself might have used, that a university stands for study and investigation for their own sake.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Modern Symphonies

THE TITLE OF 'SYMPHONY' implies, whether composers like it or not, a certain grandeur of conception and depth of thought. To Mahler the form was an epitome of the universe, and into it he was liable to put, as we heard recently in the Third Symphony in D minor, anything and everything that came into his head, regardless of proportion and of the hearer's patience. Yet Mahler was nearer the mark than some composers of our day who serve up trivialities in three short movements under the title of symphony. The latest example of the *sinfonia esigua*, as Carl Nielsen might have styled it, is that of the Czech composer, M. Ristič, which was included on Saturday night in a broadcast recorded at this year's Prague Festival.

Ristič's Second Symphony was about on a level, so far as intellectual and emotional content goes, with the Symphony in D by Miča, with which the concert began. This was the symphony which startled the musical world, when it was produced by Rafael Kubelik as the work of a composer who died before 1750, because it seemed to indicate that the style and orchestration of Haydn's mature symphonies had been anticipated years before in 'a distant country of which we know so little'. Now however, that it is established that the symphony is not the work of the Miča who died before 1750, but of another composer of the same name who was a contemporary of Mozart, the little work sinks into its place as just one more talented example of the late eighteenth-century symphony. My point is that all that has intervened between that time and 1951 when Ristič wrote his little work—that 'all' including the symphonies of Mozart's and Haydn's last years, of Beethoven and Brahms—makes it really impossible to accept this 'symphony' at the face value implied by the title. All the more so as the finale was a colourable imitation of the 'Spinning Top' in Bizet's 'Jeux d'Enfants'—a fact which, plagiarism or no, incidentally indicates how 'modern' the music was.

Ristič's work might have appeared without comment in the programme of ballet music which was going on simultaneously at Saturday night's Prom in the Light Programme, to which I was conveniently able to switch over for the novelty of the evening, John Addison's Suite, 'Carte Blanche', of which the composer conducted an excellent performance. This proved delightful music, unpretentiously melodious and, apart from some thickness in the bacchanale, scored with a sure touch and considerable ingenuity and wit. The score has been published by the Oxford University Press and will, I doubt not, be much in demand as a light-weight addition to a popular programme.

If a symphony should have some magnitude, there is no reason why it should not be cheerful, especially if it is written to celebrate a birthday, as was Malcolm Arnold's Second Symphony, played at the Prom on Wednesday last also under the composer. Arnold is nothing if not exuberant, but that he can also command depth of feeling and poetic thought is proved by the slow movement. I am not sure that the work hangs together as a whole—the farcical knock-about of the finale consorts ill with what has preceded it. But this is, at any rate, a symphony

need we have any doubts about the excellence of Hindemith and Martinu in last week's programmes. Hindemith's 'Harmonie der Welt' is a very serious work indeed, aiming at, and sometimes attaining, the sublime. These are moments of achievement, among which I would be imaginatively scored page preceding the conclusion of the March in the first movement—fully compensate one for what appears to be a certain abruptness in the transitions of this movement and some clumsy writing in the last.

It was unfortunate that the slow movement was interrupted by a voice (cutting in from another studio where a subsequent talk about Vincent Novello was being rehearsed?) and sundry howls.

Martinu's Fourth Symphony is, like so many of his works, uneven. The first movement (at which, I confess, I arrived a minute or two late from the Albert Hall) seemed rather scrappy and incoherent, and the finale was mere note-spinning. But both the middle movements are first-

rate. The playing of the Prague Symphony Orchestra was splendid throughout the concert, though it is impossible to pass over the conductor's excessive speeding in the first movement of Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante, which is marked *Allegro maestoso*, not *molto*. The two soloists were excellent, especially in their duetting, but I have yet to hear, in this bicentenary year, a really satisfying and sensitive performance of this lovely work.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Cornelius and 'The Barber of Bagdad'

By WINTON DEAN

'The Barber of Bagdad' will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 7.0 p.m. on Saturday, August 25

PETER CORNELIUS is one of the most attractive figures in German nineteenth-century music. He was a poet as well as a composer—he wrote his own librettos, the words of many of his songs—the nephew of Franz Liszt, and in his youth an actor. Although Liszt was secretary for some years and became a friend of Wagner, his personality was not submerged; he refused (in his own words) to be the nought after Wagner's one, and allowed himself, in Act II of 'The Barber of Bagdad', a parody of the clotted diction of 'Ring'. He had wider sympathies and a tender touch, in life and art, than most of the New German School; the flavour of his music is that of wine rather than beer. In respect at least he had nothing to fear from the mastery of Wagner.

Although he seems to have realised from the start that his gifts lay in the direction of comic opera, 'The Barber of Bagdad', composed in 1858, is his only essay in this form. Its failure as a single performance at Weimar (December, 1858) seems to have been due to a cabal at Liszt (or his mistress the Princess Wittgenstein) rather than Cornelius. But the composer, a retiring man, took it so much to heart that he abandoned the genre altogether for German music as well as for his career and made two still-born attempts at opera. His colleagues can hardly have forgiven him. Liszt, even less endowed with humour than Wagner, had at first thought little of 'The Barber', and tried to divert Cornelius to the direction of church music. We may see this in parallel with Chabrier, who after finding fault in an admirable comic opera allowed himself to pursue the same false gods with the same sad result. But the ill luck of 'The Barber' persisted long after the composer's death at the age of forty-nine. Like the operas of Tchaikovsky and (in different circumstances) of Mahler, the symphonies of Bruckner, it fell into the hands of 'improvers'. Mottl (1884) and Levi (1894) both exercised their talents at its expense; the latter said that the original form was unsuitable on the stage and, if published, would be a historical curiosity. It is Levi who is the historical curiosity. 'The Barber of Bagdad' received its second authentic performance in 1904 and, although never a repertory piece, has been revived at intervals and by many admirers.

The story is a typical Arabian Nights entertainment, fashioned with exceptional wit and in choosing for his central figure an old man whose garrulity bores the other characters. In fact, Cornelius was perhaps taking a little more than his share of licence. There are indeed moments in Act I when the Barber, a *buffo* bass with an enviable voice, and the tenor hero Nureddin threaten to become tedious. But unlike many comic operas

'The Barber of Bagdad' improves as it goes on. Act I has some excellent scenes; Act II (there are only two acts) is rich in invention and all but flawless in construction. Cornelius is conspicuously successful in the difficult task, which floored many greater composers including even Mozart, of bringing a comic opera to a musically satisfactory conclusion. Where usually we are reaching for our hats some minutes before the end, Cornelius leaves us asking for more.

The weakness of the opera lies in its solo music; this alone would account for its failure to win a more universal suffrage. Cornelius' lyrical gift, never strong, is at its best in his songs, which have their own niche in the history of the German *Lied*. In the operas it appears derivative and is liable to be clogged in a morass of rich harmony. Nureddin's first air is little more than stale Schumann, and the Barber's patter song 'Bin Akademiker' is a pale echo of Rossini without the buoyancy of Donizetti or Sullivan. Cornelius was evidently aware of this weakness, which he sought to counteract by using irregular metres, at a period when this practice was not the commonplace it has become since. It is only the rhythm—alternate bars of quadruple and triple time, a scheme that recurs in the beautiful carol 'The Three Kings'—that saves the love duet in Act II from stagnation. The delightful canonic duet for Bostana and Nureddin near the beginning of the opera gains considerably from the interpolation of an occasional 9/8 bar into the 6/8 pattern.

If Cornelius' models—Schumann, Rossini, Liszt, early Wagner (in the love music), Weber's 'Abu Hassan', and the Berlioz of 'Benvenuto Cellini' (whose libretto he translated)—obtrude in the solos and the orchestral writing, he is quite himself in the concerted pieces, especially when he gets things moving on the stage. The singular virtue of this opera is the unusually close blend of music and drama; Cornelius, as the author of both, knew just how to make each play into the other's hands. A delicate irony runs continually over the surface of the score. Nureddin's love for Margiana reminds the old Barber of another Margiana whom he loved in youth, so that whenever the name or its characteristic musical theme recurs it is apt to set up a double train of association. In the trio that opens Act II each voice begins joyfully with the same words ('*Er kommt! Er kommt!*') to the same phrase; but whereas Margiana and Bostana are thinking of the former's lover Nureddin, her father the Cadi is expecting his chosen son-in-law who has just sent a chest full of treasure. Later, when Nureddin has been hidden in the chest, there is a similar double play on the word '*Schatz*'—'treasure' in both senses. Cornelius, unlike some of his German successors, has sufficient restraint not to over-elaborate the joke.

There is plenty of straightforward fun in the bargain, for instance in the duet where the Barber, reminded of his Margiana in the act of exercising his profession, indulges in an endless cadenza with his lathered and half-shaved victim helpless in the chair. In Act II Cornelius piles up an intricate series of misunderstandings until he has the whole cast at cross-purposes—surely the true end of comic opera. The strangely poetical scene of the muezzins, anticipated in the entr'acte, makes an effective contrast. The later ensembles are most amusingly characterised, especially that which follows the extraction of the insensible Nureddin from the chest; the men mock the bamboozled Cadi Mustapha, while the women in honeyed thirds try to revive the 'corpse'. This is achieved at last by the Barber with the aid of the Margiana motive—a gentle parody, perhaps, of one of the favourite tricks of romantic opera.

Cornelius builds his finale on a device employed several times in earlier scenes. In the Barber's first song ('*Mein Sohn, sei Allahs Frieden hier*'), and again in his reflections on the fatal effect of love on his numerous brothers near the end of Act I, each vocal phrase ends with an emphatic cadence, identical in rhythm but ingeniously varied in its tonal and harmonic implications. This may have been intended to suggest the old man's repetitive garrulity. In the finale it is carried to a fitting apotheosis. Every line of the Barber's song of obeisance to the Calif culminates in a cadence of this kind on the word '*Salamaleikum*', accompanied by a deep bow; and each cadence in turn is taken up and varied by the entire company, also bowing—to the Calif and perhaps in anticipation to the audience.

A course of five lectures on colour television by P. S. Carni, B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E., will be given under the auspices of the Television Society at the Assembly Hall, Institute of Education, Malet Street, London, W.C.1, during September, beginning on Monday, September 3, at 7 p.m. Tickets are obtainable from the Television Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, at £1 for the course for non-members.

* * *

Two exhibitions are now on view in the King's Library at the British Museum: 'George Bernard Shaw 1856-1950', and 'Liber Librorum, contemporary designs for the Bible'. The Bernard Shaw exhibition will be on view during the months of August and September, the exhibition of modern designs for the Bible until August 31. The British Museum has recently received as a gift from Mr. P. T. Brooke-Sewell a pair of Indian jade huqqa bowls, enhanced with lapis lazuli and gold inlay and mounted on elaborate ormolu stands in French taste. They will be exhibited in the 'recent acquisitions' case of the Department of Oriental Antiquities in the Asiatic Saloon.

'Lovely day for a GUINNESS'

*I feel no strain dear people now
Though luggage weighs like lead
For thanks to Guinness every day
I go full steam ahead.*



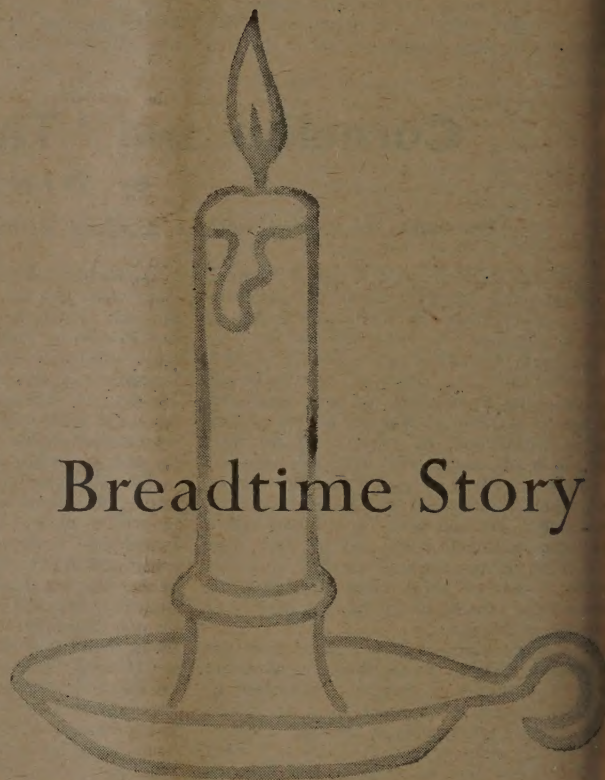
A CHEERING GLASS of Guinness helps you to make light of things. It tastes invigorating; it *is* invigorating. After work it revives and refreshes. After play, what a grand drink it is to look forward to. Only nature's goodness goes into Guinness.

**Guinness does more
than quench your thirst**



G.E.2724.F

Breadtime Story



Children these days are grossly over-privileged. Not only do they have schools and toys and parents—they also have Hovis whenever they ask for it. But parents are a different kettle of fish. They just have children.

Now parents are learning to take the bread out of the children's mouths. For too long wheatgerm has been the prerogative of the young. Parents today are demanding their slice of Hovis the way grandparents used to demand silence at mealtimes. Parents are going to have their Hovis—and eat it too.

So children had better beware. Parents fortified with Hovis are going to be formidable parents indeed.



the Housewife

Preparing for the Winter

By L. A. SHEPHARD

If you have no burst pipes next winter. You can lag them—there are plenty of materials on the market. There is felt, or you can use ordinary old newspaper and wrap several thicknesses of it right round all the cold-water pipes in the roof. Or odd bits of carpet will do. While you are up in the roof, make an inspection of the water-tank. See if it is in good working order. If it is not already cased and protected, do case it in. You can use ordinary board and leave an opening of about four feet around the sides of the tank and fill it in with sawdust: that is quite a cheap protection. The point is to make an absolutely insulated tank around your water-tank. Cover the top with a separate piece of hardboard, and if you have any more old felt or carpet, throw that over the tank too.

Go all up in the roof, look right down at the bottom of the eaves—where the roof joists meet the ceiling line. If you can see any daylight on the north-east or east side of the house, pack with old newspapers. Otherwise icy blasts will be coming freely in those open parts.

Leaky taps are the cause of half our troubles next winter. If your taps are leaking, get them mended now: overflows and down-pipes get clogged up so quickly with a dripping tap. Have a look round the house: see that you know everything about the pipe runs, and, most important, find the stop-cock. See that it is in good working order, because if you do happen to have a burst next winter and want to shut off the water and the stop-cock will not work, you will have a terrible mess. It is often somewhere under the front door, possibly under the stair- or in a cupboard off the kitchen; or, in an old house, in the cellar.

Watch the question of loss of heat. In a normal

house, although you may have on plenty of heat in the ground floor, it can all escape up the staircase and out through the roof. But with the present-day insulating materials you can save a good deal in the roof space. There are the insulation sheets you lay over the joists that will keep the heat in. That is one type. There is another type of sheeting that goes in between the joists. There is loose filling that you can also put in between the joists. All are admirable in their way, and any good builder's merchant will be able to supply you.

Then there is a great amount of heat lost in an open fireplace. There are plenty of the convector type of fires that can be fitted, that throw and convect the heat out into the room and save that terrible waste up the actual flues. Many of these fires can be taken away if you happen to move: they are a tenant's fixture.

Now is the time to have a look on the outside of the house at the join between the brickwork and the window-frames. Window-frames usually shrink away from the brickwork. There are many strip plastic materials on the market that you can use admirably for shutting out draughts caused by such shrinkage. Or there are the 'mastic' types of material that are sold in tube. You can squeeze it into the cracks and that seals the joint between the brickwork and either the steel window or the wood window. Look at the hinges and working parts of a window. Put a little oil on them so that the window can be properly closed.

There is another important job well worth doing at this time of year if you have a gas geyser. Geysers themselves are looked after and maintained fairly regularly by the owner or the gas company, but nobody seems to deal with the important outside vents that carry the

carbon-monoxide gas away from the bathroom. They normally have a little cowl on the outside, and a bend, and usually they rust as time goes by, and as soon as the bracket at the top of the cowl rusts away it makes an entry for birds. They go down into the bend, make a nest, and completely block the elbow of the bend so that there is no escape for the fumes. Instead of the carbon-monoxide being carried away out into the fresh air, it comes into the room, and it could be fatal. It is not fatal for the birds: they can stand it—but we cannot.—'Woman's Hour'

Notes on Contributors

IAN TRAFFORD (page 222): Industrial Correspondent of the *Financial Times*

HON. V. SACKVILLE-WEST, C.H., D.LITT. (page 227): author of *The Easter Party*, *Country Houses*, *The Edwardians*, *The Land*, *Knole and the Sackvilles*, etc.

HESKETH PEARSON (page 229): author of *Bernard Shaw*, *The Last Actor-Managers*, *G.B.S.: a Postscript*, etc.

STEWART HYLTON EDWARDS (page 231): Assistant Director of Music at St. John's College, Johannesburg

GEORGE HOMANS (page 232): Professor of Sociology, Harvard University

RICHARD LLEWELYN DAVIES (page 236): Director of the Division for Architectural Studies of the Nuffield Foundation

MARGERY FRY (page 237): Governor of the B.B.C., 1937-39; Principal of Somerville College, Oxford, 1926-31; author of *Arms of the Law*

Crossword No. 1,368.

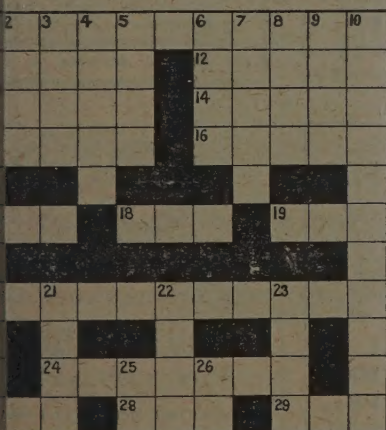
Factorial Fractions.

By Semantikos

DOWN

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Starting date: first post on Thursday, August 23. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes naming them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, and 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



All the clues are fractions and the resulting lights are to be entered in the diagram in a 'factorial notation' e.g. $1/9 = 0/1! + 0/2! + 0/3! + 2/4! + 3/5! + 2/6!$ to be entered in the diagram as 000232. In all cases where alternative lights fit all the relevant clues the preferred light has the sum of its digits as small as possible.

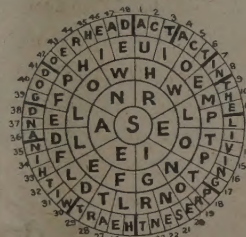
CLUES

ACROSS

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| 1. | 15/11 | 18. | 7/6 |
| 11. | 61/120 | 19. | 17/3 |
| 12. | 43/60 | 20. | 28/11 |
| 13. | 11/10 | 24. | 5/7 |
| 14. | 103/60 | 27. | 29/3 |
| 15. | 4/5 | 28. | 5/3 |
| 16. | 353/120 | 29. | 8/6 |
| 17. | 29/6 | | |

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| 1. | 13/11 | 9. | 30/8 |
| 2. | 13/24 | 10. | 86/11 |
| 3. | 49/24 | 21. | 1/24 |
| 4. | 7/15 | 22. | 53/24 |
| 5. | 31/8 | 23. | 51/8 |
| 6. | 21/4 | 25. | 9/6 |
| 7. | 86/15 | 26. | 5/10 |
| 8. | 31/4 | | |

Solution of No. 1,366



Quotation: Longfellow: 'Psalm of Life'

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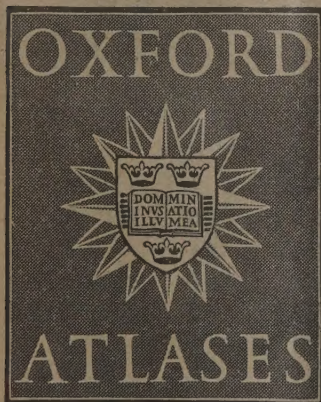
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